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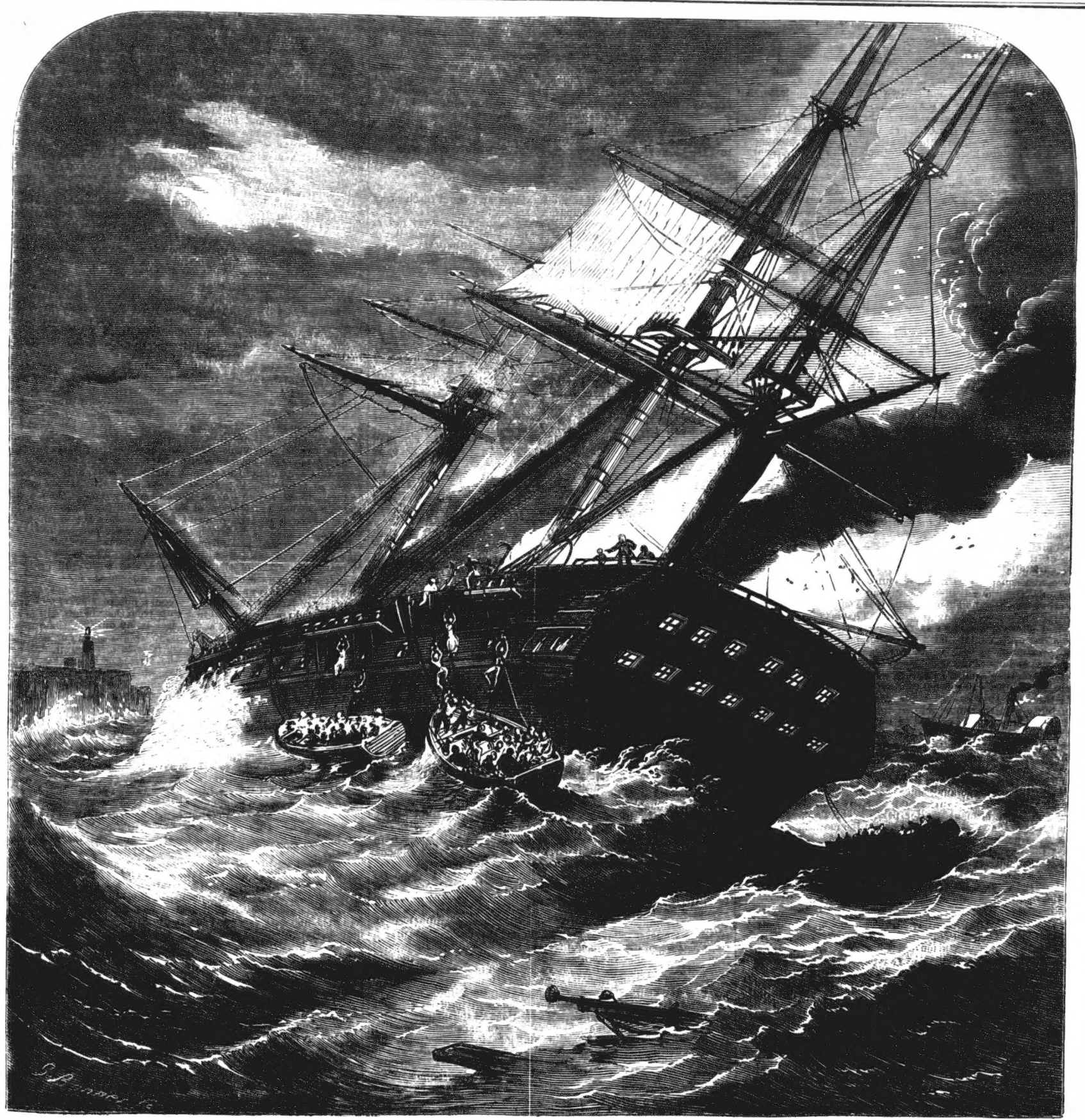
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REYNOLDS OF NO.
No. 321, Finsbury
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number 7, 1862.

John Dick 315 Strand
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 22.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863. ONE PENNY.



DESTRUCTION OF THE "AMAZON" NEW YORK PACKET SHIP, BY FIRE, OFF THE NORTH FORELAND. (See page 833.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, opened an inquest at the Compasses Tavern, Queen's-road, Dalston, relative to the death of Charles Homerton, aged forty-five years. The deceased was a shoemaker, and resided in Ship-lane, Dalston. He left home on the afternoon of the 7th ult. in good health, but returned in the evening with a severe injury on the head. The wound was on the back of the head, and his daughter had him conveyed to the German Hospital. While there he made a declaration to his daughter and a friend. He said that he called at the Carpenters' Arms Public-house on the evening in question, and that after he left three men followed him some distance. They struck him on the back part of the head with some heavy, blunt instrument, which knocked him down, and he became insensible. One of the men exclaimed, "I will have your life." The deceased was taken home by some boys who found him lying on the ground. The police were made acquainted with the facts of the case on the same evening, but the men had not been discovered. A detective who was present said that the police had the names of the men suspected, but at present the ends of justice would be frustrated if they were made public. The brother of deceased said that there were four men in the public-house when deceased entered, and they were engaged in a betting transaction. They asked the deceased to act as stake-holder, and when deceased gave up the money one of the men who followed the deceased said that he would be revenged. The coroner said that the inquiry was a very important one, and as street outrages were becoming so prevalent he should adjourn the proceedings to give the police proper time to produce further evidence. The proceedings, which excited much interest, were then formally adjourned.

An inquest was held at Carlisle, on Saturday, before Mr. Carrick, coroner, upon the body of Elizabeth Grabam, aged 35, house-keeper at Mr. Braithwaite's shoe shop, Carlisle. The deceased slept in the same room as two of Mr. Braithwaite's daughters, and after they had all three gone up to their bedroom about midnight, and undressed, she went down stairs again in her night-dress, to go through the house. About three o'clock next morning, upon one of the Miss Braithwaite's awaking, she missed the deceased from her bed. She and her sister therefore went down stairs to the kitchen. There the deceased was lying upon the floor, burnt to death in a most shocking manner. Her night dress had been destroyed by the flames, and the poor woman lay crouching with her hands above her head as if she had battled till the last with the flames. How her dress became ignited can only be conjectured. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

On Saturday intelligence was received of two brigantines having been seen to founder in the Channel with all hands during the recent fearful weather. The ship *Magicienne*, Captain Stanbury, bound to Vera Cruz, which put into Falmouth on the 6th, reports that on the afternoon of the previous day, when some twenty miles east of Ushant, an English brigantine of about twenty-eight tons was observed in distress, with the ensign down (reversed). Soon afterwards a tremendous sea struck her and she was not again seen. She foundered with all hands, for no aid could be rendered them. Nothing could be gleaned of the name of the ill-fated vessel. The other unfortunate ship went down some thirty or forty miles to the eastward of the Spurn. Captain Hadgraft, of the *Mary of Ipswich*, which had arrived at that port, reported that the vessel had lost her jibboom, and had her mainsail blown into ribbons. Three men were at the pumps, and her ensign was in the rigging. She had a narrow white streak on her sides, with bright varnished masts. The weather was most fearful at the time, and amidst an overwhelming sea the vessel disappeared. Like the former unfortunate ship, nothing could be ascertained of her name except that she was British.

HER MAJESTY'S iron-cased screw steamship *Prince Consort*, 35, Captain Vesey, which left Plymouth on Wednesday, the 28th ult., for Liverpool, and put into Dublin Bay in distress, arrived in the Sound on Saturday, and went up Hamoaze to be repaired.

THE SOUTHERN TERMS OF PEACE.

SAVE on our own terms we can accept no peace whatever, and must fight till doomsday rather than yield an iota of them, and our terms are:—Recognition by the enemy of the independence of the Confederate States; withdrawal of the Yankee force from every foot of Confederate ground, including Kentucky and Missouri; withdrawal of Yankee soldiers from Maryland, until that State shall decide by a free vote whether she shall remain in the old Union, or ask admission to the Confederacy; consent on the part of the Federal Government to give up to the Confederacy its proportion of the navy as it stood at the time of secession, or to pay for the same; yielding up of all pretension on the part of the Federal Government to that portion of the old territories which lies west of the Confederate States; an equitable settlement on the basis of our absolute independence, and equal rights of all accounts of the public debt and public lands, and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties. These provisions, we apprehend, comprise the minimum of what we must require before we lay down our arms. That is to say, the North must yield all—we, nothing; as they have waged a wicked and causeless war upon us, they ought in strict justice to be required, according to usage in such cases, to reimburse to us the whole of our expenses and losses in the course of that war. As surely as we completely ruin their armies, so surely we will make them pay our war debt, though we wring it out of their hearts. And they know it well; therefore they cannot make peace except through their utter inability to strike another blow. The stakes they have to forfeit if they lose the game is as vital as ours. So is the stake to be won. It is no less than the entire possession of our whole country, with us in it and all we own, to have and to hold to them and their heirs for ever. Once more, we say it is all or nothing. The Confederacy of the Yankee nation—one or the other must go down, forfeit its national existence, and lie at the feet of its mortal enemy. Meade's army and Rosecrans's once scattered, Lincoln can get no more armies. The draught turns out manifestly fruitless. Both the German and Irish element are for peace. The Yankees have to bear the brunt of the war themselves, but in the meantime their inevitable bankruptcy is advancing like an armed man. "Hungry ruin has them in the wind," and it cannot be long before the Cabinet at Washington will have to consider seriously terms of peace under auspices and circumstances very different from the present. For the present let the war roll and thunder on, and God defend the right.—*Richmond Enquirer*, Oct. 16.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, SORE THROATS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION, HALL'S LUNG RESTORER is pre-eminent. Mr. Thomas Watson, Radcliffe-bridge, says:—"For fifty years I have been constantly racked by what has been pronounced an incurable cough. Never found relief until I tried your Lung Restorer. The first teaspoonful gave me more ease than I had ever experienced. I continued to take it, and am now quite well.—Sold by most chemists, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each; or sent to any address for Fourteen, Thirty-three, Fifty-four, or 132 stamps, by T. Hall, chemist, 6, Commercial street, London, N.E.—[Advertisement.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. J. Jones, a retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by the physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

On the opening of the Legislative Assembly, its President, M. de Morny, commented upon the Address of the Emperor. He said that nobody appreciated this admirable and liberal speech more than himself, because he had been brought up to admire English society, where individual and absolute liberty inspires the people with a feeling of dignity and independence, where liberty of association develops personal initiative, where the most extended political liberty is moderated by a religious respect for the law, and by sound public judgment. England, however, has taken years to realize these benefits. Revolutions in France have never been turned to the advantage of durable liberty. Freedom can only be established peacefully by a good understanding between a liberal sovereign and an assembly of moderate views. He would endeavour to maintain this good understanding. M. de Morny, in conclusion, said that he had seen with satisfaction that popular suffrage had elected former parliamentary celebrities. Their adhesion was a homage rendered to the present form of Government. He esteemed them too much to doubt the loyalty of their intentions.

"The iron-clad squadron," says the *France*, "on the way to Madeira, performed numerous evolutions during four consecutive days, using at different times two, four, six, and eight boilers. The *Solférino* always kept the lead, and made on an average fourteen knots an hour, the *Magenta* and *Couronne* coming next with thirteen. The *Napoleon*, one of the best screw-liners in the fleet, which was attached to the squadron as a point of comparison, followed the *Couronne*, the frigates *Invincible* and *Normandie* coming after the *Napoleon*. During the whole cruise the performances of the five iron-clads gave excellent results. In the trials under sail, the *Solférino*, although very lightly masted, also maintained the superiority, making six knots. Experiments were also made as to the consumption of coal, and the result was that each iron-clad frigate can perform a voyage of 1,400 maritime leagues without having to touch at any port to coal."

POLAND.

Notwithstanding the number of political prisoners transported to Siberia, the prisons are still full. Among them are the Abbe Wolowski, sentenced to hard labour in the mines, and a landed proprietor, named Ohlewinski, eighty years of age, sentenced to lose the whole of his property. There were 100 women among the last batch transported from Wilna. They are sent as far as Russia by railway; but when they arrive there, they are stripped of their money and clothing. They are then clothed in the convict dress, and sent on foot to Siberia. Madame Sierakowski, her sister, and her brother were transported to Siberia for no other reason than that they are related to the insurgent chief Sierakowski, who was hanged at Wilna on the 27th of June.

MEXICO.

Marshal Forey's farewell to the Mexicans and the French army has been published. It concludes by saying:—

"If the chances of war should place you again under my orders when you return to France, I shall be happy to find myself at the head of the valiant soldiers of Mexico."

AMERICA AND MEXICO.

The *New York Herald* says:—

"The resistance which the Mexican Government is so energetically preparing to make against the French is the best answer that could be given to the ridiculous pretensions of Napoleon that he is doing all to better the condition of the Mexicans, and that they sympathize with him. These preparations prove the utter falsity of this assertion, and admonish him to beware lest he and before the world are long a convicted filibuster. He pretends that it is according to the wishes of the people of Mexico he is now endeavouring to change their form of government, and yet we see them ready to sacrifice their lives to prevent this. The perfidy of France is too apparent, and were there at the head of her affairs men of principle the invasion of Mexico would at once be abandoned, as it is, beyond doubt, a flagrant violation of the rights of the Mexican people. We hear that Napoleon is sending immense reinforcements to Mexico, and that he is determined to conquer the country. In that light he may place his invasion, but not under the hypocritical plea of acting according to the desires of those whom he is doing all in his power to enslave. We shall ere long have our word to say about this French invasion of our continent, and shall defeat the machinations of Napoleon by meeting them with an overwhelming opposition. The rebellion ended, we shall have a million of veteran troops, men who will be eager to undertake the release of Mexico from her foreign invaders. We shall have an immense fleet of such powerful war vessels as the world never saw before, and with this force to back our demands we shall be as peremptory as the case requires. We will prove to the nations of Europe that the Monroe doctrine is one which we fully intend to enforce, and through France we shall teach them a lesson that will deter any future attempts on the part of European Powers to obtain a foothold on this continent."

JAPAN.

Advices have been received from the Swiss embassy at Yokohama, announcing that the ambassadors have received a first official visit from one of the chief officers of the Tycoon. The ambassadors believe that America and Russia are pursuing an ambiguous policy, and exciting the Japanese to resist the other Powers.

"SAVED"

THE episode intended to be represented by the artist in the engraving on page 344 is that of a woman and her loving children saved from impending death in a snow-storm, and brought into the hospitable mansion of an old English squire or wealthy yeoman. From the attitude of the figures in the picture we are led to suppose that the poor woman and her children were discovered in time by the shepherd, who is depicted as narrating, in an earnest and animated manner, to the head of the establishment, the circumstances under which the "saved" were found, and who are heartily welcomed by the squire or yeoman. From the style of their costume the date of the picture is that of the sixteenth century, the time of Mary.

It may be suggested here that the husband of the poor woman who is thus humanely treated by the shepherd and squire has perished, a victim to religious persecution, and that she has been driven from her once happy home, together with her children, to become wanderers and outcasts. The poor child who is being carried in shows that her delicate frame has succumbed to the severity of the weather. As regards the other characters, it is, perhaps, doubtful whether the young lady who is about to help herself to a mince-pie at the table, is doing so with the intention of giving it to her poor newly-arrived guests or is taking advantage of the confusion incident to the arrival of the travellers to help herself to a greater allowance than her mamma would think good for her health; let us, however, hope the former. As to the buxom young lady who is pouring out a beaker full of old English ale or sack, her sympathies are, no doubt, divided between compassion for the new arrivals, and the loss of the kiss which the young gentleman in such close proximity was evidently about to give her. The shepherd's dog ought to come in for his share of praise, as, no doubt, he was the first discoverer of the unfortunate family.

THE BURNING AT SEA OF THE AMAZON.

THE illustration in the front page represents the recent ocean calamity of the burning of the *Amazon*. Mr. Atkins, Trinity House pilot, makes the following report of the loss by fire of the American ship *Amazon*, 1,790 tons, Captain Hovey, from London for New York, off Broadstairs:—

"We left the London Docks in tow on Thursday last, having on board thirty-eight passengers and a crew of forty-two hands. Brought up off Gravesend at about five o'clock p.m., and remained owing to the gale till half-past seven on Sunday. Got under weigh and anchored at the entrance of the Gull Stream, off Broadstairs, at half-past seven p.m., there appearing every indication of continued bad weather. As the night advanced the wind rose fearfully, with a heavy sea; indeed it was a terrible night. During Monday and Tuesday the weather scarcely moderated, and we determined to remain at anchor till the weather was better. At midnight (Tuesday), I and the second officer took watch. Captain Hovey and Mr. Williams, his chief officer, turned in about twelve, everything appearing snug and safe. The sea had gone down, but there was a strong breeze from the W.S.W. At about ten minutes past midnight the alarm of fire was given. I was on deck, and, hearing a noise forward, thought there was a quarrel among the crew, but on going forward became cognizant of the startling fact that the ship was on fire. Saw smoke issuing forth from the hatchway under the main hatch house. The smoke was very slight at first, but gained tremendously in a short time. Captain Hovey and the rest of the hands below were instantly called up, and the same instant orders were given to rig and man the ship's fire-engine, which was carried out promptly. Mr. Williams (the chief officer), seizing the hose and branch pipe, rushed down the main hatch and directed the jet of water into the quarter where the seat of danger appeared to exist. Captain Hovey followed Mr. Williams almost immediately. The smoke had already increased tenfold, and it was almost impossible to remain below. No fire being visible they made an effort to get down into the lower deck aft, and removed one of the lower hatches, when the heat became so intense that it was evident no human being could attempt it. On looking down they saw the flames raging apparently forward, and the jet was directed into that part of the ship, but it was only for a moment or so, for the heat and smoke became so overpowering that they were both compelled for their lives to retreat. Undaunted, however, Mr. Williams again and again descended, and struggled hard to master the flames, but in a short time was forced to relinquish his efforts; indeed, he was at length dragged out, almost insensible, with his face burnt, and blood spurting out of the nose and mouth from the effects of suffocation. All this occurred in a very short time. I saw at once our critical position, and instantly set to work to get the boats out, while men were employed firing rockets and blue lights to get assistance from the shore, about three miles distant. The ship had six boats. We succeeded in lowering two quarter boats from the starboard quarter, and also the stern boat, clear and safe; but the density of smoke now pouring out from all parts of the ship precluded us getting at the other three boats. The consternation had now become truly awful. Captain Hovey and Mr. Williams actually had to drag some of the passengers out of their berths, and with great exertions all were got on deck, and arranged in files along the rails, preparatory to getting them into the boats. Every precaution had been adopted to prevent, if possible, the flames getting vent, by closing all the hatches, doors, and apertures. It seemed, however, useless, for through the glass deck lights could be seen flames travelling furiously through the length and breadth of the ship, demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt that the destruction of the ship was inevitable. It was then about one o'clock. A lugger, at this period, came alongside, as also a steam tug, the *Wonder*. They were forced, however, to go astern of us owing to the weather. The tug made an effort to lay alongside, but sustained damage, and went astern. Captain Hovey and myself then took charge of the boats to receive the passengers as they were lowered one by one by a rope from the stern of the *Amazon*. It was a most trying moment, and a task most difficult in such a sea, and the clouds of dense black smoke, which completely enveloped every portion of the ship, almost suffocated the people. Yet Mr. Williams and some of the crew fearlessly stuck to their post, lashing the helpless men and children and lowering them into the boats. Amongst them was a poor old man seventy years of age; he seemed to be dead to all feeling. As the boats filled they dropped astern to the steam tug, and were put on board. It was about twenty minutes to two o'clock when all were got out. Soon afterwards the ship was a mass of flames. The tug then made for Margate, where we arrived about four o'clock in the morning. I then walked towards the North Foreland for the purpose of seeing the state of the ship, and on arriving at the windmill obtained a view of her, and saw her burning furiously. The inhabitants of Margate, on hearing of the catastrophe, vied with each other in affording relief and consolation to the unfortunate crew and passengers. The mayor and his lady were most conspicuous, as also a number of ladies whose names I could not obtain. The warm, kind-hearted reception we all met with from their hands will never be effaced from our minds; and I feel it my duty, on the part of the *Amazon's* crew and passengers, to return them our heartfelt thanks. Had as the disaster was, it was a mercy it did not occur on the Monday night, as the terrific gale of that night would have shut out all escape, as no boat could have lived, and every soul must have perished. The number of passengers, happily, was very small. On her preceding voyage to New York, when I piloted the *Amazon* through the Downs, she had no fewer than 940 persons on board. Had there been even a quarter of that number on the present occasion the sacrifice of life would have been awful. I cannot speak in too high praise of the conduct of some of the crew; the carpenter (Holt) was very conspicuous, and it is the fifth time that he has been shipwrecked and has lost everything. The second and third mates are likewise deserving of great praise. Very little baggage of the passengers was saved. A box or two belonging to Miss Hovey, which happened to be in the house on deck, were snatched up and thrown overboard. They were picked up by a steam tug, but the contents were saturated and destroyed. The crew saved nothing whatever belonging to them, except the clothes they had on. Captain Hovey was equally unfortunate; he was unable even to save his watch, let alone property he had in his cabin, to the extent of nearly £300. The origin of the fire is surrounded in mystery. We have seen a copy of the ship's manifest, and cannot detect anything of an inflammable nature amongst the cargo. The ship had 255 tons of coal in her fore hold, and over this was 244 bales of compressed oakum, besides nine bales of wool and cases of general goods. In the main and aft holds were several hundred tons of railway rails, bars, 973 tons pig lead, 1,680 bags of African nuts, barrels of beer, soda, fuller's earth, bags of rice, bales of wool, rags, and cases of goods. Captain Hovey is perfectly satisfied that the fire commenced in the lower hold, and at first thought that it might have been caused by spontaneous ignition among the bags of African pea-nuts, which are of an oily nature, but this impression is at once refuted by Mr. Williams, the chief officer, who states that when he first got down to the lower hold hatch with the engine hose, and put the fire out round about the hatch, he looked down, and saw the flames sweeping into the main hold from the fore part of the ship, apparently from the coals and bales of oakum, and certainly not from the bags of nuts. The *Amazon* had three decks, and was a very strong-built ship. She was 216 feet in length, 42 feet beam, and 27 feet depth of hold, and classed in American Lloyd's A 1. She was six years old."

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

On Monday morning, the sight-seers of London and the environs were all alive and stirring to witness the annual procession of the Lord Mayor from Guildhall to Westminster, to be sworn in. From an early hour in the morning the streets exhibited much more bustle than on ordinary occasions, and as the hour approached when the procession was to commence, the crowds increased immensely, and every available space where people could stow themselves away was filled with anxious spectators.

The procession started from Guildhall shortly after twelve o'clock, and met with a very good reception generally.

The following was the order of procession:—

The Band of the London Rifle Brigade.

Three Trumpeters.

The Band of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire.

Watermen bearing the Banners of the following Livery Companies of the City of London:—

Spectacle Makers' Company.

Linners' Company.

Plasterers' Company.

Coopers' Company.

Inn-holders' Company.

Paper-stainers' Company.

Sadlers' Company.

Tallow Chandlers' Company.

Ironmongers' Company.

Salters' Company.

Goldsmiths' Company.

Fishmongers' Company.

Fruiters' Company. Master and Wardens of the Fruiters' Company in a Carriage. Fruiters' Company.

The Band of the Third Tower Hamlets Volunteer Brigade.

Banner of the Arms of the Worshipful Company of Carpenters.

Banner of the Arms of the late Sir William Staines, Knight, Lord Mayor 1801.

Banner of the Arms of the late Alderman Lawrence.

Banner of the Arms of Robert William Keenard, Esq., M.P.

Banner of the Arms of Alderman James Clarke Lawrence.

The Union Jack.

Banner of the Arms of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

The Royal Standard.

The Bearer of the Company's Mace.

The Clerk of the Company in his Chariot.

The Members of the Court of Assistants, in their Carriages.

The Wardens of the Company in their Carriage.

The Master of the Company in his Chariot, attended by the Chaplain.

Watermen, bearing the following banners:—

Royal Standard.

Banner of England.

Union Jack.

Banner of Scotland.

Banner of Ireland.

Six Streamers of the City Arms. Banner of the City of London.

The Band of the Grenadier Guards.

FIRST KNIGHT.

In a plain cap-a-pie suit of armour of the early part of the 17th century, attended by two Esquires; one a swordsmen in a suit of black and white armour, the other in a demi-lance suit.

SECOND KNIGHT.

In tilting armour, early part of the 16th century, attended by two Esquires; one in a cavalier suit of Langrured armour, the other in cavalier suit of bright armour.

THIRD KNIGHT.

In tilting suit of the second half of the 16th century, attended by two Esquires; one in half suit of bright armour, the other representing a demi-lance.

FOURTH KNIGHT.

In a cap-a-pie suit of engraved armour of the first half of the 16th century, attended by two men at-arms in foot armour.

FIFTH KNIGHT.

In a cap-a-pie suit of bright armour of the first half of the 16th century, attended by two Esquires; one in a suit of splints with engraved morion, the other in a back-plate of steel.

SIXTH KNIGHT.

In a cap-a-pie suit of black and white armour of the first half of the 16th century, attended by two Esquires; one in Maltese armour, the other in Italian armour.

The Band of the Irish Rifle Volunteers.

The Two Under Sheriffs.

The Officers of the Corporation of London.

Three Trumpeters.

Mr. Sheriff Cave, in his State Chariot, drawn by Four Horses, attended by his Chaplain.

Three Trumpeters.

Mr. Sheriff Nissen, in his State Chariot, drawn by Four Horses, attended by his Chaplain.

The Band of the Hon. Artillery Company.

The Aldermen who have not passed the Chair.

The Recorder.

The Aldermen who have passed the Chair.

The Late Lord Mayor.

The LADY MAYORESS, in her State Carriage, joined the Procession on its return from Westminster.

The Lord Mayor's Servants in State Liveries.

The Band of the 1st Life Guards, Mounted.

The City Marshal on Horseback.

Gentlemen of the Lord Mayor's Household.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR.

In his State Carriage, drawn by Six Horses.

Attended by the Chaplain, Sword Bearer, and Common Crier.

Guard of Honour on Horseback.

The Military Escort was a Detachment of the 12th Lancers.

PRESENTATION OF THE LORD MAYOR TO THE BARONS OF THE EXCHEQUER.

The civic procession arrived at Westminster shortly before two o'clock, and were received in the Court of Exchequer by the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Baron Bramwell, Mr. Baron Channell, and Mr. Baron Pigott.

The Common Serjeant, addressing the learned judges, said that in the absence of the Recorder it became his duty, in conformity with immemorial usage, to introduce to them the Right Hon. William Lawrence, who had been elected by his fellow-citizens to fill the high office of Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, and to acquaint their lordships that the choice of the livery had received the sanction of her Majesty, who had signified through the Lord Chancellor her entire approbation of the selection that had been made. The citizens of London had not in this instance selected an unknown, untried, or inexperienced man. The Lord Mayor's father, the late Mr. Alderman Lawrence, was a man of singular energy and intelligence, and during the course of a long life he acquired and retained the entire confidence of his fellow-citizens. When the new approaches to London-bridge were opened an opportunity, then unprecedented, was afforded at once for making provision for the rapidly-increasing commerce of the City of London, and for adorning the metropolis. Mr. Alderman Lawrence had the sagacity to avail himself of that

opportunity of adorning the metropolis, and of laying the foundation of his own fortune. Sound judgment, spirited enterprise, and untiring assiduity made his career a bright example, of which many existed, of what might be accomplished in this free country by ability, energy, and perseverance in the pursuit of industry. But in addition to those qualities which made him estimable in private life, he took a lively interest and held strong opinions on public affairs, and these circumstances recommended him to the confidence of his neighbors, so that in 1844 he was unanimously chosen to represent the ward of Bread-street in the Court of Aldermen.

The LORD CHIEF BARON, in addressing the Lord Mayor, said he was welcome in coming to that court to claim the immunities and privileges of the City of London; and he congratulated him on being elevated by the choice of his fellow-citizens to the high and dignified position of Lord Mayor of the greatest city in the whole world. He entered upon the duties of the office, he thought, not with any of the doubts suggested by the learned Common Serjeant, but with every prospect of profound peace; and the beautiful harvest with which it had pleased Providence to bless them gave every prospect of internal contentment and happiness. They had been happy in surviving a great national affliction. The people of this country, by an unexampled unanimity, had loyally, respectfully, and devotedly shared in the sorrows and sufferings of the Queen, and had deplored the irreparable loss which the nation had sustained. It was impossible, on the present occasion, not to advert to that circumstance. It was, however, an affliction which was to be felt, and not to be expressed in words. They had also been mourning for a great national calamity. Some time ago there was an interruption of, if not the greatest, one of the greatest industrial sources of prosperity to this country by the difficulty which arose in obtaining the materials upon which that industry was based, and it appeared that a large number of our fellow-countrymen, who were dependent upon that peculiar labour, whose numbers were measured not by thousands, but by tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, were at once reduced to poverty and ruin, and it became an object of the deepest interest to the whole country, and probably of some alarm. Undoubtedly it was the City of London which originated the magnificent subscription by which that distress was relieved. His lordship referred to the American war, and expressed a hope that other means would be found in the course of time for the settlement of their differences, and concluded by assuring the retiring Lord Mayor of his regret that precedents should have stood in the way of his receiving those honours which he should have been pleased to see conferred.

The Common Serjeant, in the name of the Lord Mayor, invited the judges to dinner in the evening.

The Lord Chief Baron said some of the judges would attend. The civic procession having visited the other courts and invited the judges, returned to the City.

THE BANQUET AT GUILDHALL.

The entrance of the Lord Mayor upon his year of office was celebrated in the evening with the usual banquet at Guildhall, where and in the adjoining apartments covers were laid for upwards of a thousand guests. The decorations prepared for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales had remained almost entirely uninterfered with. At each end of the hall the stained glass windows were illuminated so as to display the arms of the Sovereign and those of the City. The plume of feathers in spun glass, forming the centre of a trophy, surrounded by banners, was retained over the chair at the east end; and at the west end was displayed a trophy with the arms of the Lord Mayor and the mace and sword of state, surrounded by flags and banners, with the arms of the sheriffs emblazoned on shields on either side. Two immense mirrors at the west end of the hall reflected the banquet tables and the company seated at them; and these being draped with red curtains produced a warm and pleasing effect. The arrivals commenced as early as four o'clock, and increased in numbers and rapidity until seven, when the company were nearly all assembled. Lord Palmerston was one amongst the latest, and in passing through the hall to the reception-room was loudly and pretty generally cheered. The noble viscount walked with a feeble step as he acknowledged the welcome accorded to him. He was accompanied by Lady Palmerston, and appeared to be in excellent health.

The toasts customary to the occasion having been disposed of, the LORD MAYOR proposed that of "Her Majesty's Ministers, coupled with the health of Lord Palmerston."

The toast was received with loud and protracted cheers.

LORD PALMERSTON then rose to return thanks, and was greeted with loud and reiterated plaudits. On the restoration of silence, the noble viscount spoke as follows:—My Lord Mayor, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—For myself and for my colleagues I beg to return you the most sincere thanks; to you, my Lord Mayor, for the manner in which you have been kind enough to propose the toast, and to you, gentlemen, for the manner in which you have been good enough to receive it. I can assure you that those who are charged with the conduct of the affairs of this country must always feel the highest gratification at being admitted to be present at the splendid hospitality of the great City of London. And not only do we receive a personal gratification, but we feel that upon such occasions that which takes place cements that union between the different classes of the community which is so important to the interests of the whole. (Cheers.) It is well that those who are engaged in carrying on the commercial transactions upon which the wealth, the strength, and happiness of this great country depend, should mix from time to time with those who are the responsible advisers of the Crown in conducting the political affairs of the country. I do not mean to say that upon the occasions when we meet at your festive board matters of national importance are discussed—we are too much engaged in enjoying the festivity and the hospitality which surround us; but acquaintances are formed here which ripen afterwards in a friendship; and it is well known that the transactions of business are greatly made easy when those who meet to carry them on like and know each other. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, I say that these meetings are of great political importance by bringing together those who are charged with the commerce of the country and those who are responsible for its political government. There have been occasions when it has been the lot of those who have had to explain the state of affairs to congratulate you upon the tranquil state of the civilized world. I am afraid I cannot do that upon the present occasion; for although I trust there is nothing in the horizon which can grow into a cloud of war, yet we see on all sides, we see in the far West, we see in the distant East, struggles going on of the most lamentable character, and scenes enacted which make us shudder for humanity, and make us feel deep compassion for the countries in which these events are taking place. (Hear, hear.) In the far West we see a nation of the same race, of the same language, of the same religion, of the same manners and literature as ourselves, split into two, and slaughtering each other by hundreds of thousands; and carrying on a contest, the result of which it is impossible to foresee, and the end of which, now, after more than two years' duration, he would be a bold man, indeed, who said he could predict. (Hear, hear.) Lamenting that state of things the Government of this country have felt it their duty not to yield to either the entreaties or the oburgations of one party or the other. (Hear, hear.) Blandishments on the one side and threats on the other have equally been fruitless to divert our course. (Cheers.) We have felt it our duty to abstain from taking any part in that lamentable contest. If, indeed, we had thought that it had been in our power to put an end to it by friendly intervention no efforts would have been wanting to accomplish so holy an end. But we felt that interference would have

been in vain, and we deemed it our duty, and in that I am sure we followed the wishes of the country, to maintain a strict and an impartial neutrality. (Loud cheers.) In the distant East also scenes of a lamentable character are taking place. We there see on the one side a barbarous system of deliberate extermination carried on, and on the other side revenge venting itself in murder and assassination. We endeavoured to enlist the feelings and opinions of civilized Europe in just remonstrances against that which we thought was unjust. Those remonstrances have failed. We have done our duty. And we can only hope that those who have the conduct of affairs in the Russian empire may at length cease to pursue that course which has drawn upon them the condemnation of Europe, and that peace may be restored on terms of equity and justice in that unfortunate country. (Hear, hear.) Well, my lords and gentlemen, though abroad things look ill, and much misery and calamity are sustained, his lordship has justly observed that this country forms a happy exception to that which seems to be the prevailing condition of nations. (Cheers.) We have been blessed by Providence with an abundant harvest. We have been preserved by the Government and the sense of the country from the calamities of war. Our population are contented and loyal; they feel that for a long course of years the legislature of the country has been occupied in remedying grievances, in removing defects from our laws, in casting away those obstructions which the less enlightened policy of former times had thrown in the way of the productive industry of the country; and by these means I am happy to say that I believe the commercial and material prosperity of the country was never so great at any former period as it is at present. (Hear, hear.) Those who know the course of the commerce of the world will tell you that, year by year, this great city of London is growing more and more the centre of all the commercial transactions of other States; that bills are drawn upon London to pay debts all over the world, and that commodities, destined for other countries, are sent on deposit here, a tribute paid by the people of other nations to the industry, the good management, the integrity, and the high honour of the commercial community of this country. (Cheers.) I congratulate you, then, my lords and gentlemen, on this happy state of things; and I trust that the people of England will feel that for this fortunate state of things they are greatly indebted to the reign of that beneficent Sovereign under whose mild and enlightened rule they have the good fortune to live. (Loud cheers.) I beg again, on the part of myself and my colleagues, to return you our most sincere thanks, and to assure you that we have derived the highest gratification from having been allowed to be present at your festive board on this occasion. (The noble viscount resumed his seat amidst renewed cheers.)

LORD PALMERSTON then proposed "The Health of the Lord Mayor."

The LORD MAYOR briefly acknowledged the toast, and gave "The House of Peers and the health of Earl Granville."

EARL GRANVILLE returned thanks, and in doing so observed that the House of Lords enjoyed the goodwill of the people, and it was a remarkable fact that this old institution, founded upon hereditary right, should be acknowledged to such an extent as it was in a country which at this moment had the freest expression of thought and word of any country existing under the sun. (Cheers.)

The next toast was "Her Majesty's Judges," to which Lord Chief Justice ERLE responded.

The LORD MAYOR proposed "The House of Commons, and the health of the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.P."

MR. CARDWELL, M.P., returned thanks.

The LORD MAYOR then gave "The Bar of England, and the health of the Attorney-General;" and

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER acknowledged the compliment.

"The Sheriffs," "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England," "The Lady Mayoress," and some other toasts were subsequently drunk, and the company then separated; the greater portion, however, remaining to take part in the ball which followed the entertainment, and which did not terminate until an advanced hour of the morning.

The instrumental music during dinner was performed by the band of one of the household regiments, and the vocal music by Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Lascelles, Miss Annie Cox, Miss Messent, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Fozzins, Mr. J. J. Burgess, Mr. Young, Mr. Chaplin, Henry, Mr. Percival, Mr. Winn, and a choir of voices. Mr. Staples, of the Albion, provided the banquet, and Mr. Barker officiated as toastmaster.

The following is the general bill of fare:—

Two hundred and fifty tureens of real turtle, containing 5 pints each; 400 bottles of sherbet, 6 dishes of fish, 20 entrees, 4 boiled turkeys and oysters, 60 roast pullets, 60 dishes of fowls, 46 dishes of capons, 50 French pies, 60 pigeon pies, 53 hams (ornamented), 43 tongues, 2 quarters of house lamb, 2 barons of beef, 3 rounds of beef, 2 stewed rumps of beef, 13 sirloins, rumps, and ribs of beef, 6 dishes of asparagus, 60 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 44 dishes of shell fish, 4 dishes of prawns, 140 jellies, 50 blancmanges, 40 dishes of tarts (creamed), 40 dishes of almond pastry, 30 dishes of orange and other tarts, 20 Chantilly baskets, 60 dishes of mince pies, and 56 salads.

The Removes—80 roast turkeys, 6 leverets, 80 pheasants, 24 geese, 40 dishes of partridges, 15 dishes of wild fowl, and 2 peafowls.

Dessert—100 pineapples, from 2lb. to 3lb. each, 200 dishes of hot-house grapes, 250 ice-creams, 60 dishes of apples, 100 dishes of pears, 60 ornamental Savoy cakes, 70 plates of walnuts, 80 plates of dried fruits and preserves, 50 plates of preserved ginger, 60 plates of fruit cakes and chips, and 46 plates of brandy cherries.

THE Duke of Roquelaure was told one day that two ladies of the court, had quarrelled, and said very angry things. "Did they call each other ugly?" "They did not." "Very well: then I will undertake to reconcile them."

WHAT is Consumption? The ulceration of the lungs, caused by neglected coughs and colds. Hall's Lung Restorer cures Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throats, Difficulty in Breathing, and all Disorders of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest. William Baldwin, 200, Scoles, Wigan, suffered from ulcerated lungs, and was given up as hopeless. Cured with two 4s. 6d. bottles of Hall's Lung Restorer. Supplied by S. Hall, Chemist, 6, Commercial-street, City side of Great Eastern Railway London, N.E. And sold by most chemists in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. Any chemist, not having it in stock, will procure it for you.—[Advertisement.]

A CAPITAL WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORTON, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

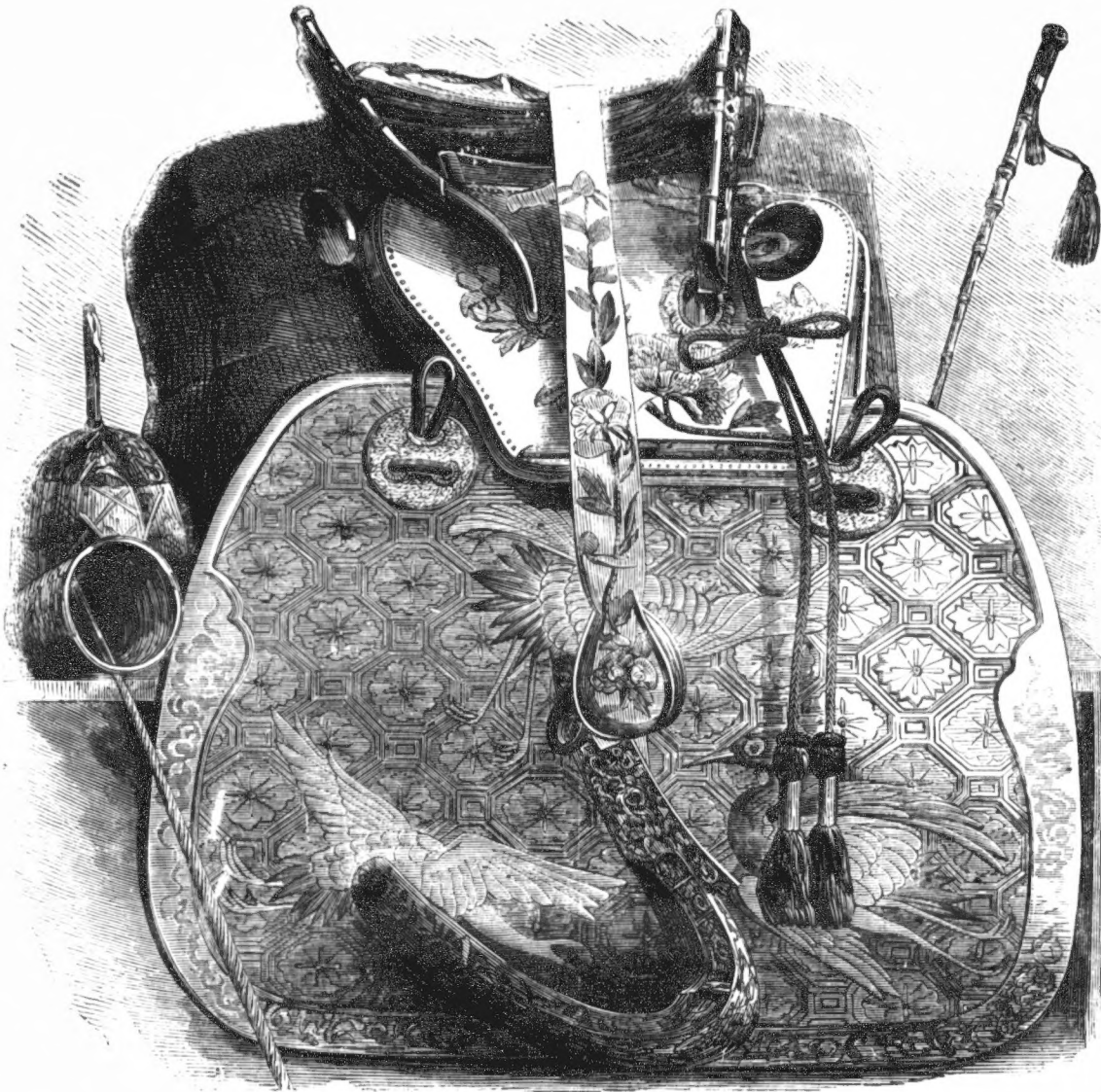
NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 135, Regent-street. [Advertisement.]

JAPANESE MANUFACTURES.

It is somewhat astonishing that the Japanese, although possessing little knowledge of house or ship-building, should be so remarkably elaborate in such articles as saddles (of which we here give an illustration of one), clockwork, telescopes, working in copper, iron, steel, &c. The art of lacquering furniture, cups, &c., with gold, silver, and various pigments, was until comparatively very recently confined almost exclusively to the Japanese, and hence called "japanning." This is practised with great success there, and the specimens which have reached this country (of which we also here give an illustration) are rare curiosities. The process of lacquering is extremely tedious, and the gum requires long preparation for its conversion into varnish. Five coats at least are successively applied, and when dry, rubbed down and polished with stone. Many of the more costly specimens are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The engravings of the Japanese are very indifferent; and printing is still carried on by them in the old Chinese block fashion. Of the art of glass-blowing they know nothing, although excellent glass is manufactured by them. Their porcelain is even more highly esteemed than that of China; while their silk and cotton fabrics, of good quality, are manufactured in sufficient quantities almost for the whole population.

THE RECENT MAYORALTY.

It is understood that some correspondence has recently passed between Mr. Alderman Rose, the retiring Lord Mayor, and the Prime Minister touching the circumstances that no mark of honour had been conferred on the chief magistrate or the sheriffs by the Crown in consideration of the conspicuous part which the corporation had taken on the occasion of the royal marriage. For some time past great dissatisfaction has been felt among the members of the corporation, and, indeed, by many of the citizens, at what appeared to them, when unexplained, a slight upon the corporation in that respect, having regard to the munificent example of loyalty and devotion which they set on an occasion of great national rejoicing, and to the circumstance that in that way they had expended something like £60,000. The reply on the part of the Government is understood to be in effect that neither on the coming of age nor the marriage of the Queen were any honours bestowed on the Lord Mayor or sheriffs; that as a rule her Majesty only confers dignities when she visits the City in person on state occasions; that, on an exception to this rule—namely, the opening of the Coal Exchange, when titles were conferred—the Queen was only prevented being present by a sudden indisposition, and that she was in effect represented at the ceremony by the Prince Consort. Her Majesty also, in an exceptional way, bestowed honours on the Lord Mayor and sheriffs on the auspicious visit to the City of the Emperor and Empress of the French, but that was only on the ground of its great international interest at the time. Again, it is said that if titles were to be conferred on the visit to the City of any member of the royal house besides the reigning Sovereign, the result would be to restrain that freedom of intercourse which was desirable between the younger members and the citizens. For those reasons substantially Lord Palmerston, while bearing emphatic testimony to the gratification ex-



JAPANESE SADDLE.

perienced by the royal family by the magnificent reception given to the Prince and Princess of Wales, is said, with many expressions of regret, to have declined to advise her Majesty to confer any special mark of favour on the chief magistrate of London or the sheriffs.

A SAILOR'S daughter has just transmitted through Messrs. Drummond, the bankers, £100 to the National Lifeboat Institution.

A PETITION has been presented to the Divorce Court, by one O'Kane, alleging adultery between his wife and Lord Palmerston. The damages are said to be laid at £30,000.

shed their generous blood to support the name of the Spanish army."

THE FEDERAL GENERALS.—It has been observed that not many Federal generals have been killed in this war. Burnside, butting the heads of his rank and file against the ramparts of Fredericksburg, and ensconcing himself in a snug covert three miles from the roar of battle, is a fair specimen of the military discretion of the commander-in-chief of the Federal forces. It is a rare thing to hear of one of them who is unmindful of the great law of self-preservation. Such slaughter as has been among the common soldiers of the Yankee army has not often been witnessed, nor such exemption

from peril as their leaders have enjoyed. Scott, M'Dowell, Buel, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, all live, and not even a scar to testify that they have ever been engaged in a battle of this war. And yet, though successful in escaping Confederate bullets, they are as dead to all intents and purposes as if they had shared the fate of the thousands whom they have driven to the slaughter. The Confederates have killed them one and all, as effectually as if they had perforated their carcasses with Minie bullets. Better would it have been for their reputation to have perished in the smoke and din of battle than to go down to posterity not only defeated, but disgraced. They have purchased a few years of life at the expense of all that makes life desirable to a soldier. With them the process of decomposition has begun before death, and they are masses of living putrefaction—a stench in the nostrils of all mankind.—*Richmond Dispatch.*



JAPANESE LACQUERED CUPS.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AT NAPLES.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, King of Italy, has recently been visiting different portions of his newly-acquired dominions. At Naples he was enthusiastically received, when making his triumphal entry (as represented in page 341) to the city which Garibaldi wrested from the rule of the unworthy Bourbons.

THE OPENING OF THE SPANISH CORTES.

THE speech of the Queen of Spain on opening the Cortes a few days since has given us the opportunity of presenting our readers with an engraving of this important ceremony (see page 341). The speech of the Queen is remarkable from its scarcely containing any allusion to the political affairs of other nations. England, France, Russia, Poland, and America, are not even alluded to in the most casual manner, the whole substance of the speech being occupied with instructions to the municipal and other authorities as to internal management, judicial reforms, and minor legislative enactments. One portion of the speech contained a slight allusion to further extending the liberties of the press; and the only other significant points in her Majesty's speech are the following passages:—"Our relations with the foreign Powers are pacific and friendly. My aspirations constantly tend to maintain the integrity of the national honour and to protect Spanish rights and interests." And further she states that "The honour of our flag must be preserved intact, and I am certain of being the faithful interpreter of the national sentiments in sending from this place the testimony of my gratitude and of my sympathies to the brave soldiers who, trampling under foot a thousand sufferings, maintain in all its éclat the honour of our arms, and the name of the Spanish army."

The Court.

The Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Helena and her Serene Highness Princess Hohenlohe, visited the Queen Marie Antoinette at Claremont on Saturday morning. Her Majesty afterwards called to inquire after General Sir Robert Gardiner, at his house near Claremont. Her Majesty was attended by the Countess of Caledon, Major-General the Hon. A. N. Hood, and Colonel H. F. Ponsonby. Earl Russell arrived at the Castle on Saturday. Baron Gros, the French ambassador, was presented to the Queen at an audience by Lord Russell. The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and her Serene Highness Princess Hohenlohe, the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, and the domestic household, attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated, and administered the sacrament of the holy communion.

General News.

THE chronicle of the Paris *Nation* states that at one of the late races at Vincennes, a workman of the Faubourg St. Antoine, on seeing some ladies of the *demi-monde* approaching in splendid equipages, exclaimed, "Make room there for the rag-gatherers of the future." His words were caught up by the bystanders, who seemed to think them quite appropriate.

A LETTER from Papetti, in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, announces the tragical fate of the once famous Mr. Pritchard. A schooner, while proceeding from one island to another, having on board the American consul at the Feejee Islands and Mr. Pritchard, the English consul, and his family, was lost, and all on board perished.

A PARIS letter in the *Independence*, speaking of the persons who are to serve as counsellors to the King of the Greeks, says:—"Count de Sponebeck, the principal one, is a man of distinguished merit, and left a very favourable impression on the diplomatic world in Paris. M. Drouyn de Lhays speaks of him with the highest praise. He has occupied diplomatic posts at Vienna and at Berlin; he was several years Minister of Finance at Copenhagen, and all the questions on the order of the day are familiar to him. To great coolness he unites extraordinary energy. The following anecdote shows the whole character of the man:—He recently embarked at Copenhagen for Hamburg on his way to Brussels, having with him a favourite dog. During the passage the animal, while gambolling about on the deck, fell overboard. 'My dog, my dog!' exclaimed the count, much excited. 'Captain, for mercy's sake, stop!' 'I am very sorry,' replied the captain; 'but the regulations formally forbid us to stop for animals. Our minutes are counted. I cannot stop the vessel.' 'And if it were a man?' said the count? 'Ah! that would be a different matter.' Scarcely had the words been uttered, when the cry of 'A man overboard!' was heard. The count had jumped into the sea, dressed as he was. The vessel was immediately stopped, a boat lowered, and the count and his favourite brought on board."

An extraordinary accident happened in Brunswick-Street, Nottingham, the other afternoon. Two men, named Simpson and Budworth, were keeping the 8th of November by firing off a small cannon. Owing to some unskillful management, the ramrod was blown violently from the cannon and entered the neck of a man named Fisher, who was passing by at the time. The rod passed through the man's neck and came out at his mouth. He was at once conveyed to the General Hospital. The two men gave themselves up to the police, and seemed much distressed at what had happened.

THE Tribunal of Correctional Police of Poitiers, France, has been just engaged in the trial of a man named Morneaux, on a charge of swindling by means of pretended somnambulism. The prisoner, who is only twenty-seven years of age, has served in the 6th Chasseurs, before which time he was a silk weaver. His conduct while a soldier does not say much in his favour, for during his period of service he underwent no less than 458 punishments. No less than twenty-nine witnesses deposed against him, from all of whom he had obtained sums of money, varying from 5*fr.* to 40*fr.*, in addition to breakfasts and dinners without number. One of his victims was a baker at Poitiers, who had consulted the prisoner as to the price of wheat, and speculated accordingly. The result was that he lost 45,000*fr.* (£1,860), and was completely ruined. Another had been induced to lend the prisoner a sum of 375*fr.*, in consequence of a favourable prediction with regard to the health of his wife. Some of the witnesses were females who had applied to the prisoner as to when their husbands would depart this life, but in no case had the predictions as to date been verified. The prisoner, in his defence, maintained that he was a real somnambulist, and that he did not afterwards know what answers he might have given when asleep. The tribunal found him guilty, but in consideration of the preventive imprisonment he has undergone, condemned him to only two months' further confinement and the costs, with imprisonment until paid.

COLONEL WARRE, of the 57th Regiment, has been placed on the New Zealand staff temporarily, as colonel on the staff. He is a very accomplished officer, and we have no doubt that General Cameron will find in him a most efficient assistant. Colonel Warre's appointment will not occasion his removal from his regiment.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

DR. TRENCH, Dean of Westminster, has been appointed Archbishop of Dublin. Dr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley is at present Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Canon of Christ Church, Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

WE believe that in accordance with instructions from the Government the steam rams *El Tonsin* and *El Monassir*, at Liverpool, have been valued. The value was Mr. C. W. Kellock (Curry, Kellock, and Co., of Liverpool), assisted by Mr. Jordan, surveyor to the Liverpool underwriters, and Messrs. Luke and Hobbs, of the Admiralty. We hear that *El Tonsin* was valued at £406,000, and the unfinished *El Monassir* at £30,000. The builders' measurement of each vessel is 1,800 tons. Messrs. Laird refused to disclose the contract price. It is stated that the British Government wish to purchase the vessel from the French owner, Messrs. Brevey.

THE following advertisement appears in our Stamboul contemporary, the *Teryman Ahdal*:—"Head-aches, tooth-aches, lumbago, eye-sore, fever, &c., cured by a celebrated divine just arrived from Asia Minor, by breathing on the patient and by charms. Address Dede-kave, at Akserai."

A COMMUNICATION from Vienna states that the Archduke Maximilian is to leave Miramar about the 15th, and in his quality of commander-in-chief of the Austrian fleet, inspect the naval establishments of Pola, Venice, and Trieste. This step is considered as a farewell visit prior to his departure for Mexico.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living on this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

A SPLENDID FAMILY VOLUME.

Now ready, handsomely bound in embossed cloth, and gilt-lettered, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, or free by post 9*s.*, Volume I of

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This magnificent volume contains 840 pages of letter-press and 458 wood engravings. It is suitable for every drawing-room table, and every library, and is calculated to afford a fund of wholesome amusement and valuable instruction in the midst of every family circle.

Handsome cases for binding Volume I, for those who have preserved their sets, may be procured at our Office, price 2*s.*, by post 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Title-page and Index to Volume I is also on sale, price 1*d.*, by post, 2*d.*

A re-issue from the first number is in contemplation, to enable present subscribers to complete their sets, and also to meet the demands of new readers.

NOTICE!—In consequence of the immense success of BOW BELLS, it is the intention of the Proprietors to

PRESENT GRATIS with Number 54,

TWO BEAUTIFUL PORTRAITS

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PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

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The same number will also contain the Opening Chapters of an entirely New and Original Tale of great interest, entitled

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By the Author of "The Queen's Musketeers." Illustrated by Palmer. London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all booksellers.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS!

In No. 508 of

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Will be commenced the first of a Series of Original Tales, under the title of HAUNTED HOUSES, AND ACCREDITED GHOST STORIES.

The Illustrations will be taken from authentic sources by Sargent and Prior, and engraved in the first style of the art. London: J. Dicks, 313 Strand, and all booksellers.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.
14	S	Loss of the President, 1841... ..	3 34 3 56
15	S	24th Sunday after Trinity	4 18 4 41
16	M		5 4 5 29
17	T	Belgium declared independent, 1830	5 56 6 25
18	W	King of Hanover died, 1851	6 55 7 27
19	T	Iron Mask died, 1703	8 2 8 40
20	F		9 17 9 55

MOON'S CHANGES.—18th, 1st Quarter, 3h. 5m., a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Proverbs 13; John 7. Proverbs 14; 1 Timothy 4.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

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Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE Emperor Louis Napoleon has addressed to the French Chambers words of comfort and of peace. After eleven years of prosperity, the empire is so rich, thanks to an increasing revenue, that the expenses of two wars at the extremities of the globe—in Mexico and Cochin China—can be met without having recourse to loans or to extraordinary resources. The exports have increased by upwards of £9,000,000, while one hundred and thirty-six thousand tons have been added to the mercantile marine of France. The harvest is abundant, and a thousand more kilometres of railway have been opened. France revels in prosperity, and her rulers have only to busy themselves with new improvements. Sugar duties and the laws regulating the baking trade, the maritime inscription, the law on strikes, and that on the privileges of theatre, are pointed to as subjects for legislation; whilst the Emperor also wishes to prosecute the task of decentralisation, to simplify the administration, and to improve those laws which, in the course of the last year, have given rise to much scandal by their undue pressure on the accused. Many other topics, relative to Algeria, to schools, and to matters of internal economy, find their place in a speech which would willingly have confined itself to congratulations on the present and hopeful anticipations of the future. But foreign policy steps in like an evil genius, and forbids a happy selfishness. France, like England, would gladly be quiet. The Emperor does not hesitate to say that the Czar has been one of his best friends, and has done him good service on several occasions; but he could not shut his eyes to the popular feeling of France, and he acknowledges that the Poles are the "heirs of a right inscribed in history and in treaties." It is in Europe that the storm is brewing. The Emperor sees it, and anxiously addresses himself to its conjuration. He proposes a European Congress for the settlement of all questions. "The treaties of 1815 no longer exist." Such are the words of a Napoleon. That he utters truth is proved by his own position on the throne of France, no less than by the flagrant violation of the stipulations of the Congress of Vienna in every country of Europe.

THERE is something very rotten in the state of the racing world. The autumnal racing season at Newmarket has produced a pretty little crop of scandals. The scenes that daily took place there are described as a public disgrace. A stranger would have had the right to pronounce us a nation of rogues and sharpers. The days fraud seems to have been as confidently expected as the day's racing, and imputations were as numerous as the heats. Mutual recriminations between losers and winners were singularly edifying to the bystanders, and led to the inevitable conclusion that if half that was there asserted were true, the "Ring" was far siffer for Newgate than Newmarket. Lioness won the Oesarewitch, and her owner was instantly accused by thousands of having caused her to be "pulled" for previous races, in order that she might be favourably weighted for this. An illustrious foreigner wins the Criterion, and a protest is instantly lodged against his mare, on the ground that a fraud had been committed with respect to her age. The charge is disproved as rapidly as made; but none appears, that is, no loser, to think it monstrous that such an imputation should be thus lightly hazarded against a gentleman of position and credit. It is plain that, at Newmarket, no one is to be considered incapable of the dirtiest conduct. These, however, were all merely assertions of roguery, and were in no case supported by proof. But the Cambridgeshire supplied us with a charming instance or two, making up for that deficiency. The scales, the touchstone of all racing, were discovered to have been tampered with, and pieces of lead, attached to one side of the balance, very nearly deprived the real winner of his victory, and would have had the effect of dispensing unfairly sums to an enormous amount. The reward of £50 offered for the offender is hardly likely to procure his detection, but it clearly denotes that this little event is considered no "accident." But the Cambridgeshire had yet another surprise for its votaries. No sooner is the fraud on the scales detected, and the horse that came in first pronounced the winner, than it is suddenly whispered that a Leviathan "leg" has vanished, and is not expected to be visible on settling day. This worthy coolly leaves his victims minus about £20,000, which they fondly imagine they had won from him, and, by way of making the proceeding still more agreeable to their feelings, it is understood that he is perfectly able to pay his losses; but that retention of former gains is to him far preferable to his reputation. The necessity of contending with such rogueries, and of coming in contact with such robbers, so long as he patronised the noble pastime of racing, may probably have remotely contributed to the retirement from the turf of one of its most princely supporters, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington. But the immediate cause of his secession is what he asserts to be a vile and treacherous fraud upon himself. For the Cambridgeshire he entered his mare Limosina. She appeared to be as much a favourite with the public as with her owner. She retained a high place in the betting to the last, and Lord Stamford was understood to have backed her to a very large amount. The day before the race she was in perfect health, and had been tried fit to run for a king's life. The morning of the contest found her in equal "form," but in the afternoon, the hour of the race, she was unable to run a yard. She was compelled to be "roused" in the first quarter of a mile, then flogged, and next abandoned for the race altogether. She was utterly beaten from the very start. Lord Stamford is firmly of opinion that she was drugged. He has expressed that opinion pretty boldly in words, but still more significantly in deeds. He quits the turf in disgust, breaks up his princely racing establishment at Newmarket, and his entire stud will be sold by auction early in next month. Such is the history of the events with which the racing season of 1863 is brought to a close, and at the head-quarters of the pastime.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

GUILDHALL.

ALLEGED FRAUD BY A CAVALRY OFFICER.—Richard Parnham Ridley, who has received medals for the Central Indian campaign, in which he fought as lieutenant of the 14th Light Dragoons, was brought up before Alderman Abbes, for final examination on the charge of obtaining by false pretences a sum of £309 with intent to defraud the British Mutual Investment Loan and Discount Company (Limited). Mr. Montague Williams appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Lewis, jun., conducted the defence. In the early part of the present year the prisoner introduced himself to Mr. Strutt, a solicitor, of Adelphi-terrace. He represented that he was entitled to a reversionary interest in a fourth share of £3,000 in the Three-and-a-Half per Cent. then standing in his uncle's name as executor and trustee to the will of his grandfather, and payable on the death of his mother, and requested Mr. Strutt to procure an advance of £303. He wanted the money, he said, to meet certain liabilities, and offered as security his interest in the reversion above referred to. Inquiry was made into the validity of the prisoner's title to the reversion, and the result proving satisfactory, the money was advanced by the British Mutual Investment Loan and Discount Company on certain conditions, one of which was that the prisoner should make a declaration that his reversionary interest was not encumbered in any way. All the conditions having been complied with, the loan effected, and the first instalment due and not met by the prisoner, proceedings were taken by the company which led to the discovery that the prisoner had some few years previously assigned the same property to a Mr. Newton for the sum of £125. In answer to the whole case, Mr. Lewis said that the prisoner, not being a lawyer, was not aware of the effect of an assignment. The property in question was of the value of £750, and the prisoner when he assigned it for £125 believed he was only effecting a mortgage, and in raising the loan of £300 he considered that the balance, of over £500, left an ample margin to secure the company from loss. He was a young man of good family and expectations, as he would, at a not very remote period, come into possession of £1,000 from one quarter, and £14,000 from another, and he asked if it was likely, with such prospects, that any man would knowingly commit such a fraud. Alderman Abbes said the words of the declaration were so clear that he could not deal with the case otherwise than by committing the prisoner for trial for making a false declaration and for obtaining money by fraud.

BOW STREET.

AN ARTFUL WAY OF GETTING NEW BONNETS AND CRINOLINES.—A young woman, named Jade Bond, was charged before Mr. Corrie with obtaining a large number of new bonnets, crinolines, &c., from eight or ten millinery establishments by false and fraudulent pretences. There was a large attendance of witnesses, but out of eight cases two only were selected for prosecution. Hannah Hicks, assistant to Mrs. Grace Faintless, of 10, Great St. Andrew-street, milliner and dressmaker, deposed that the prisoner came to the shop on the 25th August last, and requested that two or three bonnets of the newest fashion might be sent to a lady in Oxford-street for inspection. Two of the choicest make were taken from the stock and placed in a box, and a young girl employed in the house was instructed to accompany the prisoner, and wait for the money if a purchase was effected. The girl was then conducted to the Crown Tavern, in Oxford-street, where the prisoner said she must first go in and see "if the boat was clear," as the landlady wanted to have a new bonnet without the knowledge of her husband, who was probably in the bar, and would suspect that "something was up." If he saw a strange girl pass through with a large bonnet-box in her hands. The girl being aware that unfavourable husbands sometimes objected to provide their wives with little luxuries of this kind, at once consented to the proposed ruse (being entirely taken off her guard by the prisoner's artful manner), and gave up the box to her. The prisoner disappeared with it into the house, desiring the girl to wait for her outside, but she waited in vain, for the prisoner never returned. After remaining outside for more than half an hour, she ventured into the tavern, and broached the subject of the bonnets as delicately as she could to the landlady, but it was soon ascertained that no such articles had been sent for, and the prisoner, after entering at the front door with the box, disappeared as rapidly as the side door, and so evaded the girl altogether. On Saturday afternoon, however, Mrs. Faintless met the prisoner by accident in the street, and recognising her directly, called a police-constable and gave her into custody. She said it was all a mistake, but she afterwards admitted the charge. The value of the bonnets and the box was about 30s. Police-constable Selby, 137 F, said that after taking the prisoner into custody she said to witness, "It's all true enough, but I've had a mouth since then, and surely that is enough punishment for me." It appeared that the prisoner had been committed for a month from Marlborough-street for the same kind of offence. Mrs. Esther Fuller, of 188, High Holborn, hosier, &c., deposed that the prisoner ordered a set of four crinolines, worth £1 5s, at her shop, to be sent to a lady in Compton-street. The articles were delivered to a young person in the shop, who followed the prisoner to the house, where she told a similar story about the lady's husband objecting to crinolines, and the necessity of the transaction being done "as quietly as possible." The young woman readily fell into the snare, and consented to wait outside the house while the affair was being "snuggly managed." After waiting nearly an hour she thought it best to knock and make inquiry, and then discovered that the front door led to a passage which opened into a back yard, affording an easy escape into a neighbouring street. The prisoner was not known at the house, and of course the alleged "order" was fictitious. It was supposed that the prisoner had acquired an extensive acquaintance with the street architecture of the metropolis; and, knowing the locality of certain houses with side and back entrances, had been able to accomplish a vast amount of business in the same way. Mr. Corrie said it would be unnecessary to go into the other cases, and the prisoner, who pleaded guilty, was committed for trial.

A SINGULAR MALADY.—William Thomas was charged with being drunk and assaulting police-constable B 34. On Sunday evening the officer was on duty in the Strand, when the prisoner came up to him and said, "Can you fight?" The constable told him to go away, and not make any disturbance. The prisoner, who appeared to be very drunk, again challenged the officer to fight, and on his repeating the advice to go away quietly, struck him on the side of the head. The constable then took him in charge, and with the assistance of another constable, took him to the station-house. He was brought up on Monday. The prisoner: With regard to drunkenness, that is wrong. I am a total abstainer. Mr. Corrie: Do you mean to say that you were quite sober. The prisoner: Quite so. I had drunk nothing whatever. Mr. Corrie: Then why did you strike the officer? The prisoner: I am subject to epileptic fits, and after a fit is over I am quite stupefied. Any one might believe I was drunk. Mr. Corrie: I have heard of epileptic fits leaving a man stupefied, but never that they excited him to punch people's heads. That is a singular result of epilepsy. The prisoner: I assure you, sir, I don't know what I am doing when I am in that state. I really am not accountable for my actions at such times. I am perfectly incapable of controlling myself. The inspector and several constables concurred in saying that he was very drunk. Mr. Corrie testified till Tuesday (taking bail for his appearance), in order that he might produce some of his friends and especially a medical man, to prove that he was liable to these fits. His wife attended, and said that he had been subject to these fits for a long time, and after the fits was usually in a half insane state. She had frequently followed him about the streets, watching him to try to keep him out of mischief. He had the wildest fancies, and used to run away from an imaginary pursuer. He left home on Saturday night with some friends, and until she heard he was taken she thought he was still with them, or she should not have allowed him to wander about alone. She had thought it was "hanging about him" for some days. Mr. Corrie said it looked like insanity. He must be remanded till a surgeon had seen him.

WESTMINSTER.

A YOUNG SMASHER.—Edward Bryan, a lad of about 18 or 19, was charged with uttering counterfeit coin, under the following circumstances.—James Trimby, tobacconist, 307, Fulham-road, said that on Saturday night, between five and six o'clock, a man came into his shop (not the prisoner) and asked for half an ounce of common shag. He served him, and receiving a shilling thought after he was gone that it was bad. He then put it by, and soon afterwards a constable came in and asked him if he had received any bad money, upon which he showed him the shilling and he pronounced it bad. James McQueen, 263 V, said that about two o'clock on Saturday afternoon he saw the prisoner, in company with two others, loitering about the King's-road, and watched them till he lost sight of them. At about five o'clock he saw them again, coming along the Fulham-road from Fulham. Presently he saw one of the party go into Mr. Trimby's, and after that they visited Mr. Steward's, a baker, then went to the Queen's Arms, and lastly to another baker's, at all of which places they tendered counterfeit coin. At the last place he saw the baker check the shilling in half, and when they left he took prisoner and one of his companions into custody, but they both resisted, and the latter escaped. On searching the prisoner, he found on him a porte-monnaie; there were two bad shillings

in it, two more in the private pocket of the purse, and he also found another in his trousers. Defendant denied all knowledge of the other men concerned and declared that he was never near Mr. Trimby's. The constable, however, intimated that among the things found on him was some tobacco with Mr. Trimby's name on the paper in which it was wrapped. Prisoner was remanded for a week.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A "BETTING MAN." COMMITTED UNDER THE VAGRANT ACT.—John Pilgrim, described as a betting man, was charged before Mr. Knox with loitering in King-street, St. James's, for the purpose of committing a felony. Sergeant Cole 23 C, said that on the previous night he saw the prisoner standing at the corner of Lechfield-street, St. James's, in conversation with a man just returned from penal servitude—a man known as a "lumberer" (a man who carries stolen property for thieves, and introduces them to receivers)—standing about two yards off at the time. He (the sergeant), accompanied by two other officers (Webb, 112 C, and Weeks, 155 C), followed the men; but they only succeeded in taking the prisoner into custody, when he threw from his hand a silver watch broken off at the bow and then resisted violently, and on Weeks attempting to pick up the watch it was snatched away from him by some one, who got away with it. The prisoner said he was not a thief but a "magician," and he (the sergeant) knew him as a person who visited fairs and races, and played at cards. On searching him he found in his possession an Australian note, some cards (known as "broads"), and a pair of spectacles used by "magicians" to give them, when among flats, a sedate and respectable appearance. The prisoner said he was not a thief, but he would acknowledge that he got his living by gambling at fairs and races. Mr. Knox committed the prisoner for three months under the Vagrant Act.

MARYLEBONE.

GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY BY A LADY'S MAID.—Jane Henderson, aged 26, a lady's maid, in the service of Miss Emily Frances Domville, of 3, Connaught-place-west, Paddington, was charged with stealing jewellery, consisting of rings, watches, and lockets, to the value of near upon £2,000, the property of Mr. Charles Frederick Hancock, of Bruton-street, Court Jeweller; also other jewellery, the property of Messrs. London and Ryder, Jewellers, of Bond-street. Mr. Lewis, jun., of the firm of Lewis and Lewis, of Ely-place, appeared to prosecute; and Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, defended the prisoner. Emma Day said: I am in the service of Miss Domville, who resides at 3, Connaught-place-west, Bayswater-road. Miss Domville is an invalid, and confined to her room. Prisoner alone was in the constant habit of attending upon her. I have seen her in possession of valuable rings at times. She told me Miss Domville gave them to her. She did not say that any one in Messrs. Hancock's service gave them to her. Thursday week I was in Miss Domville's bed-room, and eighteen rings were spoken about. The prisoner afterwards took them out of her desk and handed them to Miss Domville. She said she had taken them from Mr. Hancock's rolls of jewellery that had been sent up for her mistress's inspection. She (the prisoner) was the only person who took any article up to the lady. A splendid array of jewellery was laid out upon the table, consisting of most costly rings, watches, and lockets. From amongst them the witness identified two valuable emerald and diamond rings. Richard Burbrock, in the employ of Mr. Charles Frederick Hancock, Court Jeweller and silversmith, said: Miss Domville is one of our customers. I have been in the habit of taking goods to Miss Domville's house. I never saw the lady herself, as I always understood she was an invalid, and never could be seen by any one. From time to time I have taken jewellery in rolls and cases. In every instance the goods have been given to the prisoner. She would then bring down the roll of jewellery, and say which goods her mistress had selected. This diamond enamel watch now produced is one that I took to Miss Domville upon the occasion of one of my visits. On that occasion the goods were given to the prisoner. I particularly placed it in my collection about a month ago. The large turquoise half hoop ring and ruby and diamond ring now produced I can identify, as well as most of the emerald and diamond rings now shown. When she brought the roll and cases of jewellery down from her mistress I never counted them. It would be impossible for me to do so, as sometimes one of my rolls of jewellery consists of between 200 and 300 articles. Miss Domville is a lady of fortune and position, and I never should have suspected her. Henry John Dore: I am in the employ of Messrs. Hancock. I have taken jewellery to Miss Domville's house, about two months since, and twice have I missed something. Upon the first occasion I did not know what it was. Afterwards I found that a gold pencil-case was missing. I always entrusted the goods to the prisoner to show the lady. On the second occasion I missed a sapphire and diamond ring, valued at £50. I did not miss them till I got home and counted my goods. When I saw the prisoner again I spoke to her about the pencil case. She said it had been found by Miss Domville before I left the house. With reference to the ring I had a letter from her, which is now produced. It was read by Mr. Lewis, jun., as follows:—

"Dear Dore,—I am glad to say that the ring is found. I send this by hand, as I would not trust it by post. I trust you will have a better night's rest, as I hope I shall.—Yours, &c., JANE HENDERSON."

Witness continued: I called the next morning and received from the prisoner the sapphire and diamond ring. Frederick Williamson said: I am chief inspector of the detective police in Scotland-yard. From information I received I went to Miss Domville's house and was shown the prisoner. I told her I was an inspector of police, and I had come to see her in reference to some rings that had been given up to Mrs. Hancock (Mrs. Hancock was in attendance and had her seat near the bench) on the previous night. I asked her if she had any other things, and she said "No." I went with Sergeant Thomas into her sleeping-room. In a drawer Thomas found these seven rings (produced)—diamonds, emeralds, turquoise, &c., and two watches (diamond backed and enamelled). I took three rings into my hand and asked her where she got them from. She said, "Out of Hancock's rolls (jewellery) I suppose." There was also found upwards of 200 pairs of kid gloves, as well as other articles. Mr. Lewis, jun.: We find that the relatives of the prisoner are jewellers, and also that she is in connexion with a young man who is a jeweller, and that accounts in some measure where the large amount of money has come from that was found in her box. The mother of the prisoner is here, and she could speak to something about the rings or money, but we do not wish to make the mother a witness against her child. Mr. Mansfield committed the prisoner for trial on this charge. A second case was then gone into. George Brooke said: I am assistant to Messrs. London and Ryder, Jewellers, of 17, New Bond-street. On two or three different occasions I took goods to Miss Domville. I gave them to the prisoner to take up to her mistress. They were in the usual jeweller's roll. Prisoner brought the residue down and showed me what she said her mistress had selected, and I debited them to her account. This was on the Saturday, Sept. 12. On the Monday, the 14th, the first thing in the morning, I missed a valuable emerald ring. In the list that the prisoner showed me Miss Domville had not selected the emerald ring. Mr. Ryder offered a reward of thirty guineas for its recovery, and at the same time spoke to the police. The ring was now produced. It was a large and bright emerald, set round with a slight hoop of gold. Mr. Lewis, jun.: What is the value of the ring? Witness: 140 guineas. Mr. Mansfield: 140 guineas! I should like to see it. It was handed up for his worship's inspection. Mr. Lewis, jun.: Did your suspicion at any time fall upon any one? Witness: Well, yes. I had my suspicions. Upon whom? My suspicion was upon the prisoner. The two gold lockets produced belong to our firm, and their value is about £17. Sergeant Thomas deposed that on searching the prisoner's boxes he found the emerald ring produced. Mr. Mansfield committed the prisoner for trial on this charge also. From the selection displayed by Mr. Williamson and Sergeant Thomas it was evident that the prisoner, out of £1,500 worth produced, was no bad judge of jewellery.

THAMES.

A COOL BURGLAR.—John Brown, a tall powerful fellow, 20 years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with feloniously breaking into the dwelling houses of Mr. Isaac Gabriel Costa, boot and shoemaker, of No. 7, Great Alie-street, Whitechapel, and Mr. Michael Meyers, umbrella maker, No. 8, in the same street. Mr. Costa said that when he came down stairs at ten minutes past six o'clock that morning he saw a man seated by the parlour window. He at first thought he was asleep. He was about to lay hold of him when the fellow made a start, and at the same time he heard a noise outside, which convinced him the intruder had a confederate, and he let him go and sent for a police-constable. He reached the house for the stranger, but could not find him. The shop or warehouse projects from the dwelling house, and an entrance into the house had been effected by ascending to the roof of the shop and opening the first-floor window. He believed the prisoner was the man he saw in the house, but he would not like to swear to him. Mr. Meyers said that soon after six o'clock that morning he heard a tremendous screaming, and cries for help in the top room over his own, and on opening his bedroom door he saw the prisoner running down stairs. He was about to seize the prisoner, who said, "It's all right, sir. Mr. Wolf, next door, has shot a woman, and he has escaped into your house." Witness knew that Mr. Wolf did not live next door, but thought it probable such an occurrence might have happened, and followed the prisoner down stairs, where he lost sight of him. A policeman was admitted, and the prisoner was found

doubled up in a corner. The prisoner on leaving the house of Mr. Costa, opened the attic window, ran along a parapet, attempted to climb over the roof of No. 9, and fell down into the gutter below the parapet, which saved him from being precipitated into the street below. The prisoner then entered the bedroom in which the servant and children were sleeping. He aroused them all by the noise he made, and they were greatly terrified on seeing a man in the room, and all began screaming together. William Hine, a police-constable, No. 184 H, was called into Mr. Meyers' house, and when he got up one flight of stairs saw the prisoner in a corner. He asked the prisoner what he intended to do on entering Mr. Costa's house, to which he replied, "To take all that I could lay my hands on." The prisoner: The fact is, sir, I was half drunk. Hine: He was quite sober. He is an old thief, though young in years, and I have no doubt he had a confederate. Mr. Partridge remanded the prisoner for a week.

A TERNAGANT.—Martha Henderson, a very large and powerful woman, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, on remand, charged with committing a very serious assault on John Cormack, an Irishman, living at No. 7, Broad-bridge-terrace, Middle Shadwell. Mr. Joseph Smith, solicitor, defended the prisoner. It appeared from the evidence of the complainant, who wore some medical plaster on his head, that on the night of the 7th inst. he was in the Lebeck's Head public-house, in High-street, Shadwell, and quarrelled with the prisoner, who took up a drinking glass, and struck him a tremendous blow with it, and he fell, and was insensible for some time afterwards. In cross-examination by Mr. Smith, the prosecutor said he was a seaman. There were two women in the Lebeck's Head. He did not strike a woman's eye. He did not know whether he did it or not. He did strike a woman, but whether he gave her a black eye or not he could not say. William Kenny, barman at the Lebeck's Head, gave a somewhat different version of the transaction. The prisoner threw a glass of half and half over the prosecutor, and he jumped up, and she struck him on the head with a glass, and he bled fearfully. Mr. Joseph Arthur, surgeon, of High-street, Shadwell, said he attended the prosecutor on the night of the 7th inst. There were three distinct wounds on the right side of the forehead. They were lacerated wounds. There was another lacerated wound on the lower lip on the same side. There had been a good deal of hemorrhage. The remains of a stout and heavy looking-glass were produced, and Mr. Arthur said they might produce such wounds as those he had described. Mr. Joseph Smith advised the prisoner to reserve her defence, but she would speak, and said she must make an "oration." The "oration" was a long one, and we must necessarily abridge it. She said that a friend asked the sailor for some money owing to her, and he said he would not pay it, and knocked her down. She remarked it was a shame, and the prosecutor said he would run her through, and then struck her, and she threw some beer over him. Mr. Woolrych committed the prisoner for trial for unlawfully wounding the prosecutor.

A PETTY THEFT.—Mary Mason, a miserable little woman, poorly clad was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing a piece of bacon, valued at 2s., and weighing 4lb., from the shop of Mr. Arthur Parker, No. 10, Granada-terrace, Commercial-road East. Charles Johnson, a lad in the employ of the prosecutor, said the prisoner repeatedly passed his master's shop on Saturday nights, and every time she did so looked at the bacon on the shop-board and handled some pieces, but did not buy any. He then went to the opposite side of the way and watched until the prisoner came to the shop again. He saw her take up a piece of bacon and put it under her shawl. He followed her and gave her into custody. Mr. Phipps, manager to the prosecutor, said his master had lost a good deal of bacon, particularly on Saturday nights. Mr. Parker could not save his bacon. (A laugh.) The prisoner made no defence, and Mr. Woolrych sentenced her to twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour.

SOUTHWARK.

MURDEROUS ATTACK ON A PRISONER IN THE POLICE CELLS.—Timothy Collins, a powerful-looking fellow, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with committing a murderous assault on Daniel M'Andrew in a cell of the police-station in Tower-street, Waterloo-road. The complainant, whose head was bandaged up and who appeared to be suffering severely from the injuries inflicted on him, said that on Saturday night he had the misfortune to be taken to the Tower-street Police-station for having a drop too much. Some time afterwards he recollected the prisoner being introduced to the cell, and after the door had been closed and all was quiet, the prisoner came to where he was sitting, seized hold of him, and threw him on the floor of the cell, when he jumped on him violently. Witness endeavoured to call for assistance, but the prisoner then fell on him, seized him by the throat, and nearly throttled him. At last the scuffling noise brought a constable to the cell, and his assailant was dragged off him and secured from further violence. Witness believed that he must have lost his life had not the constable come to his assistance just at that moment. Mr. Burcham asked if there was anybody else in the cell. Witness replied in the negative. At the time he did not think any other person was locked up in any of the cells, which were some distance from the inspector's and the reserve room. Thomas Tichenor, Police-constable 165 L, said he was on duty inside the station when the prisoner was put in the cell with the complainant, and shortly afterwards he heard a curious noise in the cell, which attracted his attention. He unlocked the door, and saw both men on the floor. The prisoner had hold of the other's throat, attempting to throttle him. Witness was compelled to use violence to make the prisoner release his hold; and during that time he repeatedly exclaimed, "I'll kill the ———." Harrington, 32 S, proved that he took the prisoner into custody for fighting outside the Victoria Theatre. Mr. Burcham observed that it was a most brutal attack, and as serious consequences might be the result of the prisoner's violence, he should remand the prisoner. Bail was refused.

ROBBERY AT A HOSPITAL.—Elizabeth Brown, 17 years of age, was charged with stealing a gold watch and chain from a young woman in the waiting room of Guy's Hospital. The prosecutrix missed her watch, and saw the prisoner hurriedly leave her. She sent for a constable, and the prisoner was given into custody. She was about to be searched, when the watch and chain fell from her dress. The prisoner, who pleaded "Guilty," was well known to the police as a thief. She was committed for six months with hard labour. One of the female attendants at the hospital informed the magistrate that similar robberies were constantly taking place, and his worship advised that a detective officer should attend at the hospital.

LAMBETH.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Frederick Cox, 26, John Curry, 30, and James Elsie, 19, were charged with assaulting Mr. Edward Law, publisher, of No. 16, Essex-street, Strand, on the public highway, and stealing from his person his watch and chain. Mr. Law deposed that on Saturday, the 29th of August last, at about half past five o'clock in the afternoon, he was walking along the road near to Croydon, when he heard a scuffling noise behind him, and on looking round, saw the prisoners Cox and Curry close to him. He at the same instant received a violent blow on the back of the head from Cox, which knocked him down and deprived him of consciousness for the moment, and on recovering he found the prisoners had dragged him down the bank or declivity by the road side. He called out for help, and struggled with them as well as he was able, when Cox caught him by the throat with one hand, and struck him several severe blows with the other. While on the ground the prisoner Curry put his hands into his (witness's) trousers pocket, and turned them inside out, but there was nothing in them but a bunch of keys. He also dragged away his watch and chain, and at this moment it appeared as if something had disturbed them, for they left him hastily, and without trying his waistcoat pocket, in which he had from £3 to £4, and as soon as they were gone he found his bunch of keys on the grass beside him. In a field before he had reached the road in which he had been robbed, he saw the third prisoner Elsie, who passed and repassed him three or four times, but he lost sight of him three or four hundred yards from where the robbery took place, and he took part in the actual robbery. In conclusion, he identified the watch produced, and which was of the value of £4, as the one of which he had been robbed, and said he had no doubt as to the identity of all the prisoners. The prisoners were fully committed for trial.

STRAFORD.

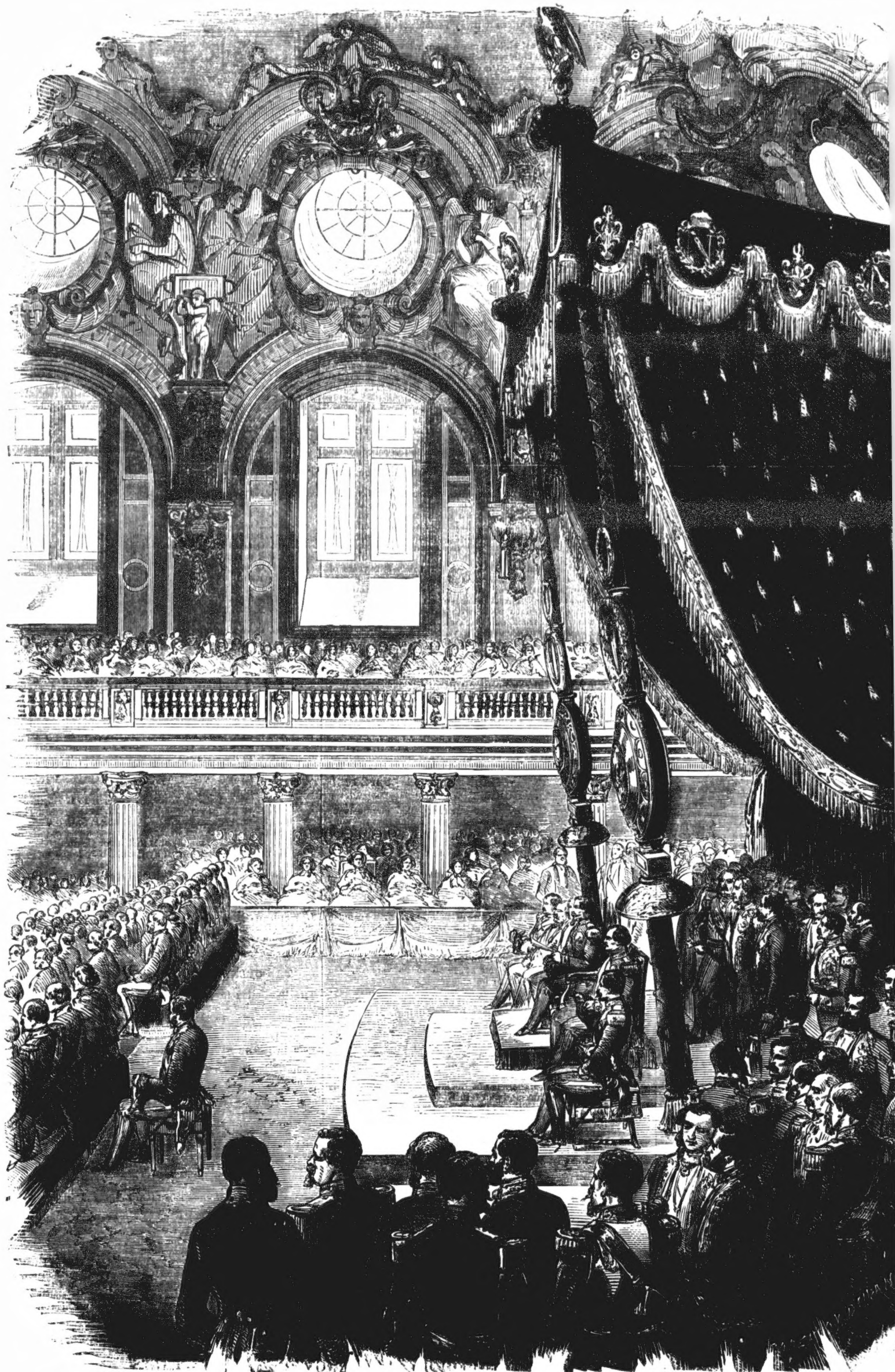
CAPTURE OF HIGHWAYMEN.—John Tavener and Thomas Tavener, labourers, were charged with highway robbery. Daniel Gamble, engineer, of West Dolden, Durham, was passing the other afternoon along the New-road, Woodford, in the rain, and he went under a tree for shelter, where the prisoners were standing. The prisoner John asked him if he had any money, and then went close to him and felt his pocket, and at the same time exclaimed, "If you have any money you will be wrong here, mate." The prosecutor then walked under another tree, when both the prisoners followed him and seized him by the arms. The prosecutor however put out his right foot, and sent one of them on his back. That one got up and struck prosecutor in the eye, with a stone in his hand, which knocked him down. The blood oozed from his eye, and he remained insensible for several minutes. When he became sensible he saw the prisoners running across the forest. Prosecutor pursued them behind a cart, and watched them to a butcher's shop. He then called a man from a beer-shop, and sent him for a police-constable. The prosecutor said that he had £2 in gold, which the prisoners had taken out of his pocket. Sentence, two months' hard labour.



"SAVED."—AN EPISODE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (See page 3. 8.)



"SAVED."—AN EPISODE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (See page 38.)



OPENING OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES. (See page 346.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concerts, under M. Jullien's management, commenced most auspiciously on Saturday last, at the above theatre, which was filled in every part, and, apparently, by a very discriminating audience, including several leaders, or otherwise conspicuous personages of "the fashionable world." The general appearance of the house was both brilliant and tasteful, all the arrangements being in good taste and satisfactory in every respect. We with much pleasure record the brilliant success of the present M. Jullien—a name that now sounds as familiar as an English one—and add that that success was twofold: first, in his capacity of an organizer of the present concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre; and, secondly, as the composer of as spirit-stirring and characteristic a quadrille ("The British Army") as any we have ever heard. This composition was most cordially and unanimously welcomed. Signora Volpini achieved undoubted success as a vocalist, her aria and bolero having been loudly encored. We have only space to add that the public are much indebted to M. Jullien for organizing these delightful concerts, and also to Mr. Mapleson for allowing his theatre to be re-opened for such a purpose.

DRURY LANE.—A new farce has been performed at this house during the week, under the title of "My Heart's in the Highlands," and received with the loudest mirth and applause. It contains little or no plot, and only one scene, and may be regarded as a short, humorous burlesque, without puns, of "Bonnie Dundee." The fun is raised by representing two cockney tourists in the Highlands, shivering in all the scantiness of Highland costume, and placed in a position where they have to drink unlimited whisky, sniff unlimited snuff, and are invited to amuse themselves with the gentle sports of "putting the stone" and "tossing the caber." This scheme gives the performers opportunities of indulging in good pantomimic absurdities, of which Mr. Belmore, who played the chief cockney tourist, availed himself to the utmost. His efforts to amuse the audience were perfectly successful, and the little sketch, which is a farce of the old-fashioned order, will doubtless retain its place in the bills for many weeks to come.

HAYMARKET.—An adaptation from the French, called "Little Daisy," was played here on Monday last for the first time; with Miss Maria Harris in the principal character. The scene is laid in the New Forest at the time of the Commonwealth, and the plot turns upon the escape of a proscribed Royalist and the Princess Henrietta. The Little Daisy is of course the chief agent in helping these unfortunates to escape, in doing which she has to hoodwink her lover and cousin—a sergeant in the Protector's troops—and nearly starve a loutish serving-man by taking his rations to feed the fugitives. There is nothing very novel in a story of this kind, but it succeeds by its simplicity and pleasantness. Miss Maria Harris gave archness and grace to the character of the little plotting girl, and the other chief parts were well filled by Messrs. Howe, Clark, and Rogers.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A new four-act drama, entitled, "Pure Gold," by Mr. Westland Marston, was produced at this theatre this week with undoubted success. The scene is at Baden Baden, where Mr. Langley (Mr. Peritt), on his way to Italy, is staying with his nephew, Frank Rochford, an artist (Mr. Henry Marston), and his niece, Mrs. Rochford (Miss Mandelbert). Langley has a passion for play, and having lost his ready cash he borrows of his nephew giving him in return a diamond ring which he had worn upon his finger. Langley has quarrelled at the gaming table with two political emissaries, and by these he is waylaid, and compelled to fight, in which he is mortally wounded. The nephew, directed by the report of pistols, seeks his uncle. Some officers of the police arrive upon the scene. Rochford is found with a pistol recently discharged in his hand, and supporting the wounded man. These facts—the blood upon his clothes, the diamond ring in his possession, lead to the accusation of Rochford for the murder, and he is sentenced to imprisonment for life. Fifteen years are supposed to elapse. Rochford's wife has died of grief, and their only child, Evelyn (Miss Marriott), has been brought up by her friend, Miss Fortescue (Mrs. Buckingham White), who intends to endow the orphan girl with a large dowry. Meanwhile the father has obtained the remission of his sentence, and has come to England, where he seeks for his daughter. He discovers her, and obtains an engagement as his daughter's drawing-master, where he is enabled to protect her from the fortune-hunting designs of a certain Sir Gerard Fane (Mr. Edmund Phelps). Fane, who was at Baden-Baden at the period of the events of the first act, recognises the father, and threatens to betray him as an assassin unless he consents to aid in his designs. Rendered desperate, the father reveals himself to the daughter, whose horror gradually melts into tenderness as she becomes convinced of his innocence. Evelyn is betrothed to Gilbert (Mr. David H. Jones), the son of Brachenbury (Mr. T. B. Bennett), a poor and proud gentleman, and Fane's exposure of her father leads to the temporary breaking off of their engagement. After many troubles, all is happily ended by the production of proofs of the father's innocence. A political refugee, Laucia (Mr. Gresham), whom Fane had relied on for identifying the convict, proves to be the friend of the lovers. He was at Baden, and brings evidence of the duel. Sir Gerard is thus confounded, the lovers are re-united; while the man-hating heiress bestows her hand upon Laucia, to whom they are indebted for this happy denouement. Mr. Marston's performance was natural and pathetic. Mr. Edmund Phelps performed the ruse with coolness and ease; and Mrs. Buckingham White was sprightly and ladylike. Frequent calls for the chief actors, and a final call for the author, marked the complete satisfaction of the audience with the new piece.

VICTORIA.—Another version of "The Chimes" is to be produced at the above theatre this evening. The scenery will be on a magnificent scale by Mr. Frederick Fenton. The great sensational water scene we hear will surpass this acknowledged artist's greatest efforts.

EFFINGHAM.—The drama of "The Chimes; or, The Broken Heart," adapted for stage representation from the popular tale now publishing in "How Bells," attracts crowded houses and delighted audiences, hundreds nightly being unable to obtain admission.

CHURCH'S PANORAMA OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, now being exhibited at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, as a work of art far surpasses any similar exhibition we remember to have seen. Of course we cannot take upon ourselves to pronounce as to the truthfulness of the different events depicted; but we know that many have been taken from photographs of this most fearful war, and this we can say, that it is one of the most interesting exhibitions now to be seen in our great metropolis, and should be visited by all who take an interest in the American war. The lecture is very interesting and unexceptionable, neither leaning to North or South, but giving a most graphic account of this most deplorable civil war.

MR. ROSENTHAL and his highly talented opera troupe have been performing with immense success at Wolterhampton during the past week.

FULL benefit of reduced duty obtained by purchasing Horniman's Pure Tea; very choice at 3s. 4d. and 4s. "High Standard" at 4s. 4d. (formerly 4s. 8d.), is the strongest and most delicious imported. Agents in every town supply it in packets.—[Advertisement.]

AWFUL TRAGEDY IN A CAB.

ONE of the most extraordinary cases probably on record, and which has caused a sensation which it would be difficult accurately to describe, took place on Saturday in a public cab on some part of the road between the Great Eastern Railway Terminus and Westbourne-grove, at Paddington.

At twenty minutes past eight p.m., a man, who was in company with a woman and two children, hailed a cab at the railway station at Shoreitch, the man telling the driver to proceed in the direction of Westbourne-grove, near the Great Western Railway Terminus at Paddington. As a natural sequence the cabman imagined that the man and his company were going by the Great Western line into the country, and paid no marked attention to the order he had received beyond the fact that he considered his fare required to reach the Paddington Station as soon as possible so as to be able to catch a particular train. For that purpose he drove his horse rather fast, but upon reaching the lower part of Bishopsgate-street the man stopped the cab and sent the driver into a public house; and according to his version of the affair he procured a pint of half-and-half, which was drunk by those within the cab. After that the man told him to drive to the Royal Oak, at Westbourne-grove. Nothing further of any importance took place until the party reached the foot of Holborn-hill, and at that point the man in the cab, after stopping the vehicle, got out, and having asked what the fare was from the Eastern Counties Station to Paddington, and being told it was 4s. 6d., he paid that amount, and told the cabman to take his party to the Royal Oak, at Westbourne-grove, alleging that he had a call to make in the neighbourhood, and he would follow on in another cab. The driver proceeded in due course to the Royal Oak as directed, when upon opening the door of the vehicle a fearful scene presented itself. Upon the bottom of the cab were found the unfortunate woman and two children quite dead. Their countenances showed unmistakable evidences that neither had died a natural death. Several medical gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood were at once sent for, and they promptly attended, and the cursory examination they were able to make, and the effluvia arising from their mouths, led the medical gentlemen to come to the unanimous conclusion that the whole three persons had died from the effects of prussic acid.

Telegraphic messages were sent to various parts of the metropolis and also to the suburban districts giving information to each station of the police and the local constabulary of the shocking event and also a full description of the parties.

The man was thus described by the cabman to the police authorities:—He was about thirty-five years of age, five feet five inches high, slightly built, dark hair and whiskers, with black moustache. He was dressed in black, and also wore a black hat.

There were found in the cab three lilac petticoats, one large and two small, tied in a black cotton apron. There were also a white handkerchief, a new black and brown cloth cap, lined with red silk, and a small leather strap, a brown leather hat-case, containing some figs and biscuits, a brown leather port-monnaie, with steel frame, containing 5s. in silver and 5½d. in coppers, and some postage stamps.

The elder female is thus described:—About thirty-four years of age, five feet two inches high, stout and fair, hair light brown, dressed in black alpaca, a woollen shawl, red striped petticoat, brown crinoline, two new flannel petticoats, a calico chemise, white stockings, cashmere side-lace boots with patent toes, black cap or gauze bonnet, black frock, and black cloth jacket.

One of the children was about seven years of age, of fair complexion, stockings, and leather boots with bright buttons, a white straw hat trimmed with black, and bearing the initials "E.M.M." in ink.

The other child was a girl about five years of age, of fair complexion, light brown hair, two petticoats, two calico chemises, one quite new, a straw hat trimmed with black, a grey cloth jacket, with pearl buttons in front, and black silk cape, two flannels trimmed with black ribbon, and a light comforter.

It appears from making a more careful examination of the elder female's dress a pot of salve or ointment was found in her possession, bearing the name of Mr. Hunt, chemist, of Camberwell.

APPREHENSION AND SUICIDE OF THE SUSPECTED MURDERER.

At a late hour on Monday night an unexpected circumstance was brought to light, which led the police to imagine that the murderer resided, or did reside, in Walworth or Camberwell. Accordingly two constables proceeded to a house in Willing-on-road, Cold Harbour lane, Camberwell. On their applying for admission the door was at once opened, and the officers were confronted by a highly respectable-looking man, who, on being questioned, stated his name to be Hunt. It was intimated to him that it was thought that he was implicated in the murder of a woman and two children, and that it would be necessary for him to accompany them (the officers) to Paddington, for the purpose of being seen by the cabman and others. The man simply said he would at once go with them. The officers and the man then left the house and walked towards Camberwell police station-house, the former to report previous to proceeding to Paddington. Suddenly, the supposed murderer staggered and appeared to be very ill. On arriving at Camberwell station, he staggered and turned deadly pale, but in answer to a question, said, "I have not taken anything." Had it not been for the support of the constables he would have fallen. It then became evident he was dying. Medical assistance was immediately sought, and Drs. A. Bert, Massy, and Puckle at once attended but the man expired almost immediately afterwards. From the appearance of the body, there is no doubt that the wretched man died from the effects of some virulent poison, which he must have swallowed directly the police knocked at the door. The deceased is a good-looking man, and from facts gained by the constables, there is not the slightest doubt that he is the murderer, and the husband and father of his victims.

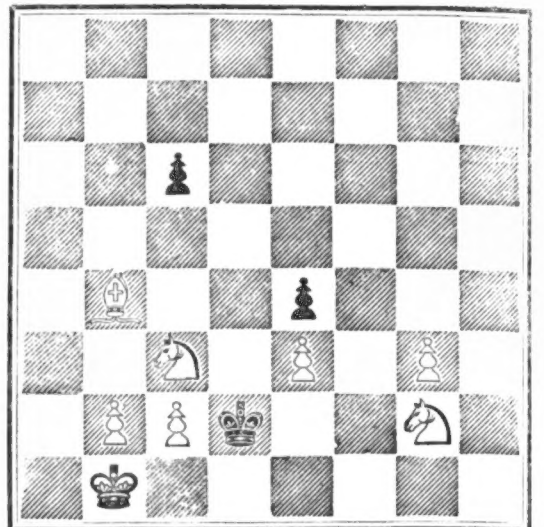
He admitted he had a wife and two children, who, he said, had left for the country on the previous Friday. Just previous to his death he seemed to sleep and suddenly awake, when he said, "I have had the most beautiful dreams—I want to write—I am dying, and before I die I want to write." Writing materials having been supplied, he was just able to write as follows, but could not sign it:—

"Mr. Jno. Cullock.
"Pay to my wife the money due to me, namely, £120, due the 17th of September last, and the remainder due to me."
He then said, "My employer owes me eighteen months' salary; we've had a good many rows about that, and I wish to leave it to my children, if they are alive." Shortly after this he died.

A GENEROUS RAILWAY DIRECTOR.—Lord Erne, chairman of the board of directors of the Irish North-Western Railway, which has not been doing well of late, has just consented to place £28,500 of debentures, which he holds, in the hands of the company to enable them to pay off their debts. He receives in lieu shares in the company for the amount, and if new shares cannot be issued, and an Act of Parliament is refused to authorize new issues, he will consent not to call up his debt for ten years. The noble lord held previously £43,500 of the debentures, and had, besides, lent to the company sums amounting to £81,145, making a total of £124,645. As might be expected, the company are very grateful, and passed an unanimous vote of thanks to the noble lord.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 143.—By HERR LICHTSTADT.
Black.



White.
White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Game played at the Norwich Chess Club, between Mr. R. Bennett, President, of the Wisbech, and Mr. F. G. Hainger, Secretary of the Norwich clubs.

- | Black.
Mr. B. | White.
Mr. H. |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to Q Kt 3 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. B to Q Kt 2 |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3 | 3. P to K 3 |
| 4. P to Q 4 | 4. Kt to K B 3 |
| 5. B to Q 3 | 5. P to Q B 4 |
| 6. P to K 5 | 6. Kt to Q 4 |
| 7. Kt takes Kt | 7. B takes Kt |
| 8. P to Q B 4 | 8. B to Q Kt 2 |
| 9. P to Q 5 (a) | 9. P takes P |
| 10. P takes P | 10. B takes P |
| 11. B takes B P | 11. B takes Kt |
| 12. Q takes B | 12. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 13. P to Q 3 | 13. Kt takes P |
| 14. Q to K 4 | 14. B to Q 3 |
| 15. P to B 4 | 15. P to B 4 |
| 16. Q to Q 5 | 16. Kt to B 2 (b) |
| 17. B takes P | 17. Q to K 2 (ch) |
| 18. K to B 2 | 18. Castles (Q R) |
| 19. B to K 4 | 19. Q R to K B square |
| 20. Q to R 8 (ch) | 20. K to B 2 |
| 21. Q takes P (ch) | 21. K to Q square |
| 22. Q to R 8 (ch) | 22. K to B 2 |
| 23. Q to Kt 7 (ch) | 23. K to Q square |
| 24. Q takes Kt P (ch) | 24. K to K square |
| 25. R to K square | 25. Kt to K 4 |
| 26. K to Kt square | 26. R takes P |
| 27. P to K Kt 3 (c) | 27. Q to B 3 |
| 28. Q to Kt 7 | 28. Q R to K R square |
| 29. B to K Kt 2 | 29. Q to K R 3 |
| 30. K to K B 2 | 30. P to Q B 5 |
| 31. P takes Kt | 31. B checks |
| 32. K to B square | 32. R to B square (c') |
| 33. B to K B 4 | 33. R takes B (ch) |
| 34. P takes R | 34. Q takes P (ch) |
| 35. Q to B 3 | 35. Q takes Q (ch) |
| 36. B takes Q | 36. R to K B 7 (ch) |
| 37. K to Kt square | 37. R takes B (dis ch) |
| 38. K to R square | 38. P to Q B 6 |
| 39. P to Q Kt 3, and wins. | |

- (a) We should have preferred B to K 3, or Castles.
(b) Kt takes B (ch), followed by Q to K B 3, looks more to the purpose.
(c) He would obviously have been mated in four moves, had he ventured to take the Rook.

Solutions of Problems up to the present date, by T. Jameson, J. Ward, W. Nicholson, Cantab, J. Abbot, T. Williams, Victor, W. P. (Dorking), R. Davidson, T. Haynes, Clegg of Okeham, H. Molson, Calise Amicus, E. Pemberton, J. Baylis, M. A. R. (Brighton), F. Brett, and T. Cariss—correct: all others wrong.

THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES.

THE illustration in page 345 represents the opening of the French Chambers by the Emperor in the Salle des Etats of the Louvre, with precisely the same ceremonial as on former occasions. The doors were thrown open at eleven, and before half-past twelve the "great bodies" of the State, the deputies, and the persons who were invited to witness the spectacle, had already taken their places. On the steps of the platform leading to the throne were the cardinals, ministers, members of the Privy Council, marshals, and admirals; the deputation of the Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honour; the vice-presidents, the sectional presidents of the Council of State, and the members of that body. Facing the throne were the benches of the vice-presidents of the Senate and the senators. M. Troplong was prevented by illness from being present. The deputies, marshalled by the president, M. de Morny, stood on the left; and to the rear of deputies and senators stood the members of the various tribunals, the prefects of the Seine and police and their respective followings; the members of the municipal council, the mayors and deputy mayors, members of the Chamber of Commerce, officers of the staff of the National Guard and the army. A portion of the upper gallery to the right of the throne was occupied by the foreign ministers, among whom was M. de Bismarck, the Russian, on whom the eyes of many were fixed. The Empress arrived a few minutes before one, and proceeded to the place set apart for her in a low gallery to the right of the throne. She was accompanied by the Prince Imperial, the Princess Clotilde, the Princess Matilde, and the wife and daughter of Prince Murat. A salute of twenty-one guns soon after announced that the Emperor was on his way across the Place du Carrousel. His Majesty was accompanied by his cousins, Prince Napoleon, Prince Louis Lucien, Prince Murat and his son, and followed by the whole of his military household. He was received with the usual demonstrations of respect from the assemblage, who remained standing till he reached the throne, when he requested them to be seated. The Emperor then read the speech. When the speech was at an end, the Minister of State called upon the newly-made senators to stand up and take the oath of allegiance. Each rose from his place and cried out, after the oath was read, "I swear." The newly-elected deputies then did the same.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER III.

MORE BITS OF INDIA.

LET us ask our readers to look at a few more bits of India. More or less, they will be worth the looking at. Hal! what is all this clattering of horses' feet and cavalry swords? You see, we are on the parade ground at Calcutta, and behold there are the regular and irregular Royal Native Cavalry. We are now, mark you, only in the year 1853—that is, as we look upon the Bengal Cavalry. Fine-looking soldierly men; and yet in the years to come they may be some of the first men to turn their swords against that race some of whose artisans made those arms.

Pool! It's very hot here on the parade-ground at Calcutta. Let us call for our imaginary gharry—a kind of box upon wheels—and lying down at full length in it, let us go into what shadowy environs we can find in the neighbourhood of the splendid city called Calcutta. Splendid indeed! Some fifty years ago it was said to be not only the grandest city in Asia, but one of the finest in the world. Even now it is popularly known as the City of Palaces, a title of which the European portion is not unworthy.

But you see our imaginary gharry has quitted the city. What? It is very uncomfortably hot travelling, two in a gharry, and you feel as though you must hit your companion? You are quite right; travelling two in a gharry, all Indians will tell you, is so hot, that it's as bad as going at once to the — But that has nothing to do with our bits of India.

You see we have got clear of the city, and here we are at the first of the native villages. There they are, notwithstanding that European Calcutta is a city of palaces—there they are, exactly as the native village was more years ago than we care to recall, these cottages of the poorer Indians. Yes, that exterior is that of a very poor Indian's hut. You see it is built of mud and bamboo, as they all are, with very rare exceptions, and it is thatched with the leaves of the graceful palm tree. You see the only embellishment, beyond that of home, is the strutting peacock on the roof, and several friends below. This common kind of hut has only two chambers—one for male, and the other for female members of the family. Somewhere nearer home, men and women have to pig down in one room anyhow. But let us fly back to India. You mark that the family which has turned out to see us is not very fat. This want of flesh does not arise from starvation, for in India Nature is very gracious, and you have but to tickle the ground with a straw and it will laugh with a harvest. This scragginess is quite a natural business. You mark the women are a little bashful. Well, Hindoo women, as a rule, are bashful. In the distance you remark those capital elephants. They are rare fellows, those kind-eyed, dear old elephants. Perhaps they know more than we do, they look so learned. And they are so clever. Do you know, the family will turn out and go away, and leave the elephants to take care of the babies and little ones, and an instance has rarely been known of a blessed baby under such well-bred nurses as these animals being lost. As much can't be said for that English nurse who, with her young charges, frequents the London parks. There the old elephant will watch, never moving a leg for fear of the consequences, and keeping the children well under his trunk; and the moment a young sprawler has crawled almost out of reach he is sucked up by the watchful proboscis, and carefully set down within the elephant nursery once more.

Hal! the gharry has dragged us on to another Hindoo establishment, as much superior to the last as the small tenant farmer in England is superior to the labourer. You see he has asked us in. Let us enter.

You see the centre pointing figure in the background. He is a Brahmin, or priest, who has come to instruct the children, by whom is seated the lady of the house, caressing her child. The group on the right are employed in preparing the daily food; and the figure in the foreground is the baboo, or master of the house. This better class of home has the disadvantage of being also a prison so far as the woman are concerned, and which latter did not swarm out to meet us, as in the other case. The women of a rank even only as high as of the family of a small tenant farmer, pass almost the whole of their lives within doors, seldom visiting the outer world, except to perform their ablutions in the river, or to enjoy the cool evening breezes on the house-top. (a) Beyond a few cushions, rug, and mats, there is no furniture either in the sleeping or other apartments.

The most conspicuous of the household chattels are the cooking utensils (invariably of brass), a large chest strongly bound and secured, and a bench some ten inches high, on which the head of the family sits and sleeps, and round which the members gather at evensong to listen to the reading of some Hindoo tale or drama. Amongst the poor classes of the Hindoos—that is, the labouring classes—the position of the woman is very sad. She is almost as degraded a condition as the slaves in the Southern States of America. She is treated by her husband as a menial, and no matter how high her caste, she is never allowed to take meals with her lord. The wives of the most wealthy are, in this respect, no more fortunate; the only advantage they have over their poorer sisters being that they do not have to toil. The time of the richer women is passed in admiring their persons, in smoking tobacco, and in performing their ablutions. The dress of the women of this class is very graceful. It consists simply of a pair of wide trousers, a muslin jacket fitting tight to the upper parts of the body, and a long muslin scarf, which they drape about them in graceful folds. The Hindoo women of all grades are pretty, and of perfect form. Their eyes are black and sparkling, their teeth white and good, and their hair, jet black, hangs in graceful looseness over their shoulders.

Hal!—here comes one of those friendly elephants on the grand trot. This individual is of Oude, and a very clever elephant, too. He will stiffen his trunk, that you may climb up and straddle him; and he takes in very good part the prod—that is, the iron-pointed stick by means of which the driver urges him forward. The prod is thrust behind the ears, and a very cruel instrument it is, for frequently may be seen adhering to it bits of clotted blood, and atoms of fat, which ought, by rights, still to belong to the anatomy of some one or the other elephant.

But see—there passes a Mahratta warrior, the greatest Indian swell out. What with his gold-spangled, pink gauze turban, and his pale primrose, or other way equally delicate-tinted silk tunic, he looks like a being out of a fairy piece. Hal! he has pranced away, as well he may, for he generally has one of the best horses on the whole of the Indian continent.

Well, yes, the day is wearing away. Let us return to Calcutta, in time for the mess dinner. So, our gharry is turned towards town. Hullo! what is this? This, dear companion, is a "scene in the environs of Calcutta." You observe the carriage—it is that of a native merchant, who has done Calcutta business for the day,

and is returning to his country villa, attended by servants as though he were a bashaw. On he goes, taking no notice of the party of, say, Hindoo labourers, who, under the shade of the banyan tree, are smoking a sort of rude hookah, made of a short tube and a coconut-shell, which contains the water through which the smoke is drawn.

By the way, you see, the suburbs of Calcutta are somewhat scattered. Perhaps the most extensive and the most picturesque is that "over there," called Garden Reach, which extends some two or three miles along the banks of the Hooghly, and which you would see, if on the river, is not unlike the banks of the Thames between Twickenham and Richmond. Garden Reach may be considered the aristocratic suburb. It contains numerous fine mansions and highly cultivated gardens, belonging to Europeans, wealthy native merchants, and deposed Indian princes. The suburbs in which the natives alone reside are filthy, and crowded; and here the houses are built chiefly of red brick, having flat roofs, and narrow casement windows, and they are surrounded by high walls to prevent all curious eyes from prying into the domestic life of the inmates. The homes of the very poorest classes are simply mud huts, and stand crowded together in thickets and fruit-trees, plantations, and flowering shrubs.

What? You are very hot and tired, and ill-tempered? Hal! the fact is, you ought to be off to the hills of India, where home air seems to have been exported.

Well, as our bits of India are purely imaginary, let us lie back in the gharry—no, don't curse the gharry—once more, and take a leap with it many hundreds of miles to the foot of the Himalayas.

The difference which generally exists between the inhabitants of the plains and the mountains is, perhaps, nowhere more manifest than in India; and the contrast becomes more and more decided the nearer one approaches the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. From a dark bronze colour, the complexion of the inhabitants becomes almost fair, while the people are more active, but less graceful in their movements. The hill tribes are, moreover, more moral and sincere than the people of the plains, and in disposition are not unlike the Europeans of the North. This affinity can only be accounted for by the similarity of climate; for these Indian mountaineers have less communication with Europeans than those who inhabit the plains. The same cause which covers their mountains with pine trees influences them in their dress, which consists of thick garments, while those worn in the valleys are of the lightest materials. Their houses are not unlike those of the Swiss, being built of wood; and indeed many of them have all the appearance of chalets. Those tribes who live nearest the region of perpetual snow are troubled with horrid wens. The hillmen are strongly attached to their mountain homes, and do not willingly quit them for any considerable time. You see there, to the left, a male and two females of the Coolie caste, belonging to the valley of Kanaour, while on your right you may remark (if you will but sit up in the gharry) women, children, and coolies belonging to the neighbourhood of Simla, through which we are now passing. Here, at Simla, the Governor-General usually resides, and here hundreds of Europeans spend the summer, being unable to pass that season in the burning plains of Bengal. In fact, the character of the lower ridge and gradually sloping sides of the Himalayas is well adapted to the European constitution, as also for the production of European fruits, flowers and vegetables, which have been successfully cultivated by the natives.

And now look out on my side again. What?—actually asleep in the gharry. Very well, then, I need talk of no more "bits of India" till you wake up again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NANA SAHIB.

HAS the reader ever experienced a dislike to go up and dress for dinner when he knows that there is ice on the top of the water? If so, he knows how much more and more reluctant he becomes each further moment he puts off the necessary performance. That is just our case with the Nana Sahib. Introduce the Nana we must—and here he is in a chapter to himself, for assuredly no one would care to be in his company. Well, reader, when that cold winter dressing was over, you felt better for it—did you not? Well, so shall we when the Nana is introduced, and would we could say done with. But, no, he belongs to this narrative almost as much as does Highland Jessie, and therefore he must now and again appear in our columns.

Observe his face well, as we present it to you. Mark, there is nothing cruel or wicked in his face, and yet how unequalled were his actions. He but bowed to hide the dagger he held.

Nana Sahib was the adopted son of the late Peshwa Bajee Rao, who, up to his death, lived in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore. On the death of the ex-Peshwa, Nana strove hard, but without success, to obtain from the Indian Government a continuance to himself of the pension allowed to Bajee Rao. Failing in this, he despatched an agent to agitate his claims in England, and transmitted, it is said, to Calcutta, to meet the expenses of this mission, a single piece of Company's paper of the value of fifty thousand pounds. The mission failed. The East India Company had to thank themselves for the local influence he acquired. It was injustice breeding wickedness, for the Company made no protest against this man, though they knew that for some years he had kept the wives of his father by adoption, and the rightful heiresses of Bajee Rao's property, shut up in the zenana, or seraglio, and denied their just claims.

Of the ultimate cruelty and treachery of this man, there can be no doubt; and yet there are still many European gentlemen who knew Nana Sahib in India, who are quite unable to give him credit for the bloody part he ultimately played. One gentleman has said, "I knew Nana Sahib intimately, and always regarded him as one of the best and most hospitable natives in the upper provinces, and certainly one of the last men to be guilty of atrocity. As is the case with many natives of India, it may have been that Nana Sahib cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of the sahibs solely in the hope that through their influence, direct and indirect, his grievances would be redressed. But the last time I saw Nana Sahib, it was in the cold weather of 1857 (b), and he called upon me twice during my stay in Cawnpore. He did not even once allude to his grievances. His conversation at that time was directed to the Oude affair. So far as I could glean, Nana Sahib wished for the annexation of Oude."

So far says this witness.

The portrait we present of this traitor, who is still at large—and it only shows how weak is our true rule in India, that now, six years after the massacre, he still remains free, and, it is said, prosperous from the expression of the features, no one would regard him as the author of actual butcheries.

The patch upon the forehead is the "tiluck," a piece of white clay, the thickness of a wafer. It is usually put in its place by the hand of a Brahmin, who almost invariably assists at the "marking up" of a great Hindoo. On the left breast—or, in the garment, "side," is made of snowy white muslin—there is a red patch, or "sun-ige." This, also, is the work of the Brahmin attendant. Sometimes the dress is marked with yellow instead of red. The powder thus applied according to a ritual, or law known only to the Brahmins, resembles ochre.

The positions of the bouquet, the sword, and the shoes are perfectly Eastern. The Bengal natives of rank rarely, or never, carry a sword; while, in the upper provinces, a man of consequence is seldom seen without. Indeed, almost every man above Benares—no matter how poor he may be—is possessed of a sword; and, if he

does not carry it about with him, he knows where to put his hand upon it.

A few words as to the name of "Nana Sahib," which, after all, is not the patronym of this man, but a mere nick-name. His cognomen is Sreenath, and amongst his retainers and friends he was, and probably is, addressed as Maharajah Sreenath Bahadoor. Few Hindoos of Nana Sahib's rank are ever alluded to by the name given to them by the Brahmin at the time of their birth. In most cases the nick, or pet name, that clings to a high caste Hindoo for life, is the first word that he distinctly utters in infancy. In the case of Sreenath, Nana, or Nana, was his word. "Nana" has no particular signification, but Nana is the Hindostanee for grand-father.

The grievance of the Maharajah Sreenath was this:—The East India Company guaranteed to the late Peshwa, his heirs and successors, a certain pension. The Peshwa died without heirs *bona fide*, but previous to his death he adopted Nana Sahib. Now, according to Hindoo law, an adopted son is entitled to all the rights and privileges of an heir begotten of the body of the deceased, and therefore by that law Nana Sahib was certainly entitled to the pension of the Peshwa. But the claim was not allowed. The old East India Company were very inconsistent in their consideration of this Hindoo law. At times they would allow it, when the pension was small; at others, when the pension was immense, they refused it. But let this matter be as it may, it is very certain that no amount of injustice could justify the thought, much less the perpetration, of such deeds by this man as we shall have to attribute to him in the course of this narrative.

Another gentleman, who in 1853, the year when our tale opens, visited this potentate, thus speaks of him:—

"I drove over to see him, about twelve miles from Cawnpore. I went in a gharry, on the 1st September, 1853, and in a short time reached a house of the rajah's. It was a large and handsome building. On nearing the house I produced my basket of prop, and commenced breakfast. This being a place of resort for picnic parties from Cawnpore, I of course at once sent off a note to the rajah, telling him of my arrival, and asking his sanction to my passing the day there. I had scarcely finished my breakfast when I heard the noise of horses on the fine gravel parade in front, and was astonished to see—not my humble messenger—but two or three individuals, accompanied by a number of native cavalry with drawn swords. To be brief, they arrived with an invitation 'to eat the air' in the cool of the evening with the Nana; in other words, to sit in the open air after the day-heat of the sun had passed. At last, reaching the presence of the Nana, I found him seated upon a cushion, raised somewhat in the form of a throne of state. He shook me immediately by the hands; and he did not require me to remove my shoes upon entering his palace, since I wore a sword. Through his interpreter he asked me many questions about the Queen, the nobles, and especially Lord Ellenborough. These questions lasted half-an-hour, and he then requested that I would make myself at home in his house, and remain as long as I pleased. He himself supplied me with a staff of servants, and furnished my bazaar (living and board) daily. He was when I saw him about twenty-eight years of age. He looked, however, about forty. His figure was very fat; in fact, his own interpreter told me that 'his highness' was a tight man. His face was roundish; his eyes very wild, brilliant, and restless; his complexion, as is the case with most native gentlemen, was scarcely darker than that of a dark Spaniard; and his expression was on the whole of a jovial, indeed somewhat rollicking character.

Such was Nana Sahib in 1853—the year in which he is introduced to the reader as holding an interview with Lota in the garden of the temple in the environs of Cawnpore.

CHAPTER V.

CONFIDENCE AND COMMON SENSE.

RETURNING to Cawnpore, Clive sought his quarters, and, without a word to a soul, he sought his own bungalow, and flung himself upon a mattress.

What ailed him he could not tell himself. His blood seemed to course through his veins with a rapidity, and yet a lightness, which he had never experienced.

As he had galloped home, the ground seemed elastic under his feet, and the air he breathed, though really heavy and dew-laden, seemed to him to be purer and sweeter than the ether of heaven itself.

Each sound in the air or on the earth, the call of the evening bird, the twittering of the leaves, the rustle of the fountain stream—all seemed to possess a sweet mysterious "something," which appeared to fascinate Clive St. Maur.

As he patted his horse's neck during the short ride, it seemed to him that he did so with a gentler and more loving hand than he had ever known himself to possess; as he leapt from the saddle, he felt as though plunging through a perfumed wave of water; and when he entered his quiet smoking-room, the place seemed to have changed—to have become more friendly, less common-looking, and truer. Yes, all that he saw, heard, felt, touched, thought, was happiness. Such horrors as misery, pain, want, death, seemed to have passed away from his consciousness for ever.

The answer to all this delicious and exquisitely calm joy was very easy to be found, and, in a short time, even by himself. He loved—loved with his entire heart and soul. From the moment he looked upon Lota, from the instant she turned her face, and he saw those beautiful yet changeable features, his life had changed. He had journeyed into a new world—a new universe, where the happiness is greater, and the hopes are more ravishing than the happiness and hope we have left behind us; but in which also—for Nature is the great judge, and measures justly,—in which also the pain is more intense and the doubt more intolerable than the pain and the doubt of the life when we lived by ourselves, and cared as much for one woman as another—the time when we liked one woman for her eyes, a second for a smile, and a third for her ringing laughter.

A moment and fate, or chance, or ourselves, or a mysterious something; a law of affinity which all the chemists in the world will never fathom, and we are changed. We have passed from the one life, the solitary, to the double, where, if we love truly, we think for two, feel for two, love for two.

Clive lay back on his mattress his lips half-parted, and a smile upon them. His happiness was so great that he seemed afraid to break it by a movement, by the sound of even a breath. He lay, we say, immovable, and so happy that he knew not how time passed.

Time—hours flew past, and he had made no count of time. It was almost midnight, and he still lay in the quiet room.

The moon was shining with that marvellous brilliancy of which we know nothing in England—that brilliancy which seems literally to silver the earth, as though the great quietly orb pressed forward to kiss it, and had only the power to send the globe a few loving rays to embrace and love it. In her sweetness, and calm, and purity, the moon is a true type of pure, honest, holy love.

The dreamer on the mattress—and he was a man who had been little inclined to dream—was suddenly startled by the sharp, quick turning of the handle of his door, and the entry of a stalwart, rough-looking man of about thirty years of age.

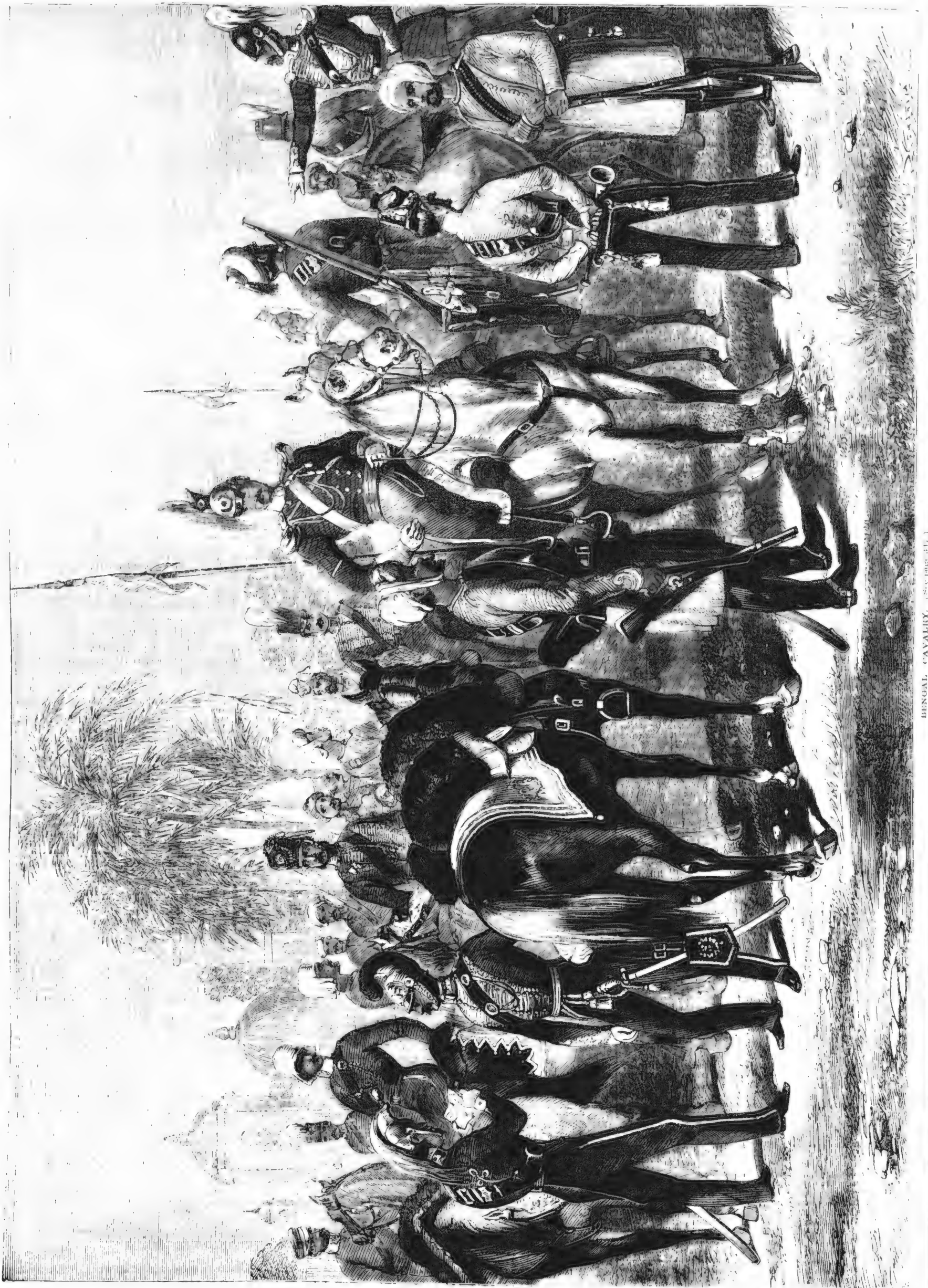
Clive started, shook himself, and then, leaping from his charpoy or tent-bedstead, he asked, "Who goes there?"

"A deputation of one from the 3rd Right Honourable East India Company's regiment."

(a) N. B.—This apparently extraordinary custom is made to appear more rational when the reader knows that the house-top is flat, and made with a kind of garden.

(b) Two years and a quarter prior to the commencement of our tale.

(c) An error—he was thirty.



BENGAL CAVALRY. (See page 347.)



BENGAL CAVALRY. (See page 347.)



NANA SAHIB. (See page 347.)

"Oh, is that you, Phil?"
 "Oh, yes—I've not yet vanished."
 "You're the man of all that I wanted to see."
 "By Jove and Bacchus!—you don't mean to say you are ill, Clive?"
 "No, very far from that, Doctor Phil."
 "Here—give me your wrist."
 Calling for lights, the new-comer caught up Clive's right hand, and for a few moments was silent.
 "Of these few moments we will avail ourselves for his description.

He was a fairly good-looking, common, gentlemanlike man—a fair type of many a doctor, especially in the army. A good-hearted, candid, plain-spoken man, who believed in every amiable and touchable thing, and who had some prejudices. He would speak out his mind; believed in beef, beer, and plain port wine. He smoked, drank, and billiard, but always moderately. In fact, he never did anything to excess. He was a plain, sensible, moderate man in all respects. He looked upon marriage as a plain, legal arrangement between a man and woman, to live together and be friendly, and never "row," to have children, and bring them up,

and teach them the respectabilities. He was a man who quered his passions; far from it from us to say he could fallen in love—but he had so chained his passions do never gave himself the chance.
 He was a direct contrast to Clive, and our readers v in preference to St. Maur, or Clive in preference to th precise proportion to their own temperaments. This that he never could enjoy life so gloriously as St. Ma the other hand, he could meet misery and disappointm agony, for, though agony may be gilded with love, it is



HIMALAYANS.

No, you never found any sentiment in Dr. Phil. He would give you his hand, and a ten-pound note in it, if you wanted it very bad indeed; but if you had thanked him for this same too heartily he would have wished you at the deuce.

He was a sure friend, a man who did his duty, who found life decent, but no very great catch, and who would not admire a rose too much, because he remembered the poisonous nightshade was also a flower.

In fact, Phil Effingham, surgeon of the 3—th, was a better friend to everybody he grew to like, in his plain homely way, than he was to himself. He was not handsome, but frank and good-looking, and he laughed, rather kindly though, at all kinds of sentiment.

"Hullo!" said he, after the few moments of silence, with Clive's wrist in his hand. "Here's a rule! Why, you're as hot as a boiled turkey! The fellows of ours have been wondering where the deuce you've got to; and it seems, my lad, you've got to a fever. What does it all mean?"

"I don't know," said St. Maur, turning away his head.

"I say—come, I say, this is serious," said Phil, sitting down on the side of the bed, and lighting a cigar. "Go it—spit it out—I'm listening: I'm your medical adviser. Give us the symptoms."

"I tell you there's nothing the matter with me, Eff."

"Hullo!" said the doctor, "peevish, very bad; sign you want a tonic. Here, Pankey," he called out to the kitmedgar, peering in at the door; "ice-water, bran (short for brandy). You want pawneeing, Clivey. This is a case for brandy and water," he continued; and added, "Now, Clivey, lad, spit out the symptoms."

"I tell you I'm all right."

"Ha! all right! Very much like all wrong! I'll tell you the 'I say, Phil,' said the other fellow, 'there's a brave old boy; go away to-night, and come in symptoms.'"

"Not if I know it," said the doctor, speaking in his short, quick, frank, jolly way. "Speak out the symptoms, I say. Hullo, Pankey!" he continued, to the kitmedgar. "Where's the sugar?"

Phil Effingham coolly mixed himself a very sensibly weak glass of brandy pawnee, and then he began again. "Well, you won't put out the symptoms—I will. Heart disease."

"Don't be a fool," said St. Maur, as he rolled over still further to the wall.

"Devilish bad heart disease," said the doctor, talking to the wall; "but between you and me, I don't think incurable. Who is she?"

"What?" asked Clive, sitting up. "Who is she? Who—is—she?"

"There, don't stare so; I know you are in love. Whose wife?"

Suppose it's some poor devil's wife of ours. Is it Skettles' little eye-making fool, or Tom Paunch's jade—or whose?"

It need hardly be said that neither Skettles nor Paunch was the name of either of the officers in question; but in India, up to 1857, every officer, and indeed every private, had his nickname; and quite lads of officers would address an aged, grey-haired colonel as "Old Blue-skin," or even tell a general to "pass the claret, old Sky-high."

"It's nobody of ours," said St. Maur; "and I don't know what's the matter with me."

"Ho! then it's heart-disease!" said Phil. "I thought you'd go before long; I saw the blood getting into your head! It's a very queer thing," the doctor continued, questioning the wall, "that men won't go on sensibly, and marry a plain woman in a plain way, without all this infernal nouse-see-falling in love—worse than falling in a ditch, because they can get out of that, and a great deal more ridiculous. Love, indeed! Think of the beef and potatoes, and the kids squalling! Look at Tom Nobble's seven! Why they beat even his bungalow. Love!—pooh!"

Here the doctor, who was getting into a feverish state himself, took a deep pull at his cigar,

administered to himself a moderate dose of brandy pawnee, and then he continued, "Still, if it is a case of gone, you know, and I can be of any decent service, why, I'm your man. Clive, you're an infernal fool, you know, but I suppose I must be another! A friend in these cases is a very convenient handle. Well, pump away!"

For a moment Clive hesitated, but Phil took his hand in such a genuine, frank, home grip, that Clive leapt from the mattress, dropped into a chair, and was beginning to speak, when Phil pulled



INHABITANTS OF SIMLA.

him up with, "Stop—light up first." And, as he spoke, he handed him the way-smoothing cigar.

Now, though this is a love tale, it is a history of the splendid passion, in which all is reality. The time has gone by for the sentimental hero, who, falling in love, abjured everything which marks a man. St. Maur then, be it said, lit up a cigar, and under its influence he began to speak.

"Well, what a wonder!" said Phil, during the description of Lots, with which Clive naturally began his discourse. "Well,

she's a beauty, if all men see with your eyes," added Phil when Clive paused for breath and a puff of the cigar. "But I don't know yet who she is. Where did you meet her?"

"In the garden of the old temple to the south of the town."

"Deuced queer place to see any of ours. How came she there?"

"She—she is an Indian."

Doctor Phil Effingham leapt up as though he had been shot.

"An Indian, man!" he shrieked, "have you taken leave of your precious senses?"

Then as suddenly he calmed himself, and said, "Nonsense, St. Maur, you are fooling me."

"I tell you she is an Indian!" cried Clive.

"But you have described a true English beauty," said the doctor.

"And yet I swear she is an Indian," repeated Clive.

"Well, and what do you mean to do?" asked matter-of-fact Phil.

"What can I do but love this woman?" asked Clive. "Already I grieve that I have told you of my passion, though I have known you more years than I have known her hours. It seems to me that I desecrate her in speaking to you of her. Forgive me, dear old friend, but it is better I should tell you I feel I have desecrated her than hide the feeling."

"Oh, knock out your feelings—don't mind me!" said Effingham. A fellow when one's mad always hits out at his best friends; and upon my soul, Clive, I don't think you can be called in your senses."

"I tell you, Phil Effingham, if you had not spoken to me till tomorrow, I should then have hidden my love as secretly as though it were the breast of my wife. I love her—I love her!"

As he uttered these words almost wildly, he presented a wonderful contrast with the doctor, who sat calm and cool, looking at his friend with a countenance in which anxiety formed a part, but sorrow or anger seemed absent.

"Well, have you told her so?"

"No!"

"Do you mean to tell her so?"

"I don't know, Eff."

"Well, you seem to be in a handsome state of ignorance as to what you really do mean. I suppose you'll have the girl in a



HINDOO HOUSE IN THE HOOGLY.

bungalow near here, and make her happy. Hullo! what's the matter now?"

For with flashing eyes, Clive had bounced up from his seat, and with clenched hands stood above the young doctor, who, about as coolly as he could do it, continued to smoke his cigar, and began twisting his moustaches with the greatest calmness.

"Effingham, don't go too far!"

"Don't you," said Phil, with a light laugh; and added, "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Why, that I understand your hint, when you talk of having this girl at a country-house near me. I know what you mean—you intimate that she would willingly become my mistress!"

As he uttered the last word his voice fell to a whisper, and his face became crimsoned, all but his lips, which suddenly turned deadly white. See you, he loved with that splendid, glorious, majestic truth, which arms itself against crime with the strength almost of a god. Already the English gentleman and officer had become so purified by the great and stupendous passion within him, that to associate the pure object of his thoughts with anything like impurity was sufficient to make him outraged with one of his best and oldest friends. Such is this mysterious power of love which rends all ties, and uses the ropes which bound us to other human beings to tie us still more immovably to the one human being in whom henceforth we have our strength, hope, love, and even being.

"Well," answered the plain matter-of-fact doctor, who took the world easily,—"well, it is not very wonderful if you do understand my hint! It wouldn't be the first time an Indian girl has been obliging—would it? Every fellow can't marry; and if he would, where's he to find a wife the moment he wants one here in India, where every Englishwoman wants two dozen servants, and a purse as large as a washing-tub, in order to be comfortable. But if you don't mean to make her your servant, what do you mean to do with her?"

"MAKE HER MY WIFE!"

"By Jove!" said Phil, and here his cigar fell upon the ground; "make her your wife?"

"If—"

"If?" asked the good-hearted but worldly young doctor, and catching at the word as the drowning man at the straw.

"If she'll have me."

This statement seemed completely to overpower the doctor, who sat a perfect picture of despair.

At last he found his voice.

"Marry a low caste girl, who, I suppose, is half-bred, with some English father, and who'll turn Christian as easy as I stamp this cigar under my foot in order to hook you? Oh, by Jove, St. Maur, what a fool you are!"

"No other man than you would call me a fool with impunity," said Clive; "but you know you have a right to say what you like. You saved me in the Punjab, you know."

"Oh, don't let the Punjab come between us."

"I tell you this passion of mine is utterly beyond my control. I can no more master it than with my bare hands I could a tiger in the jungle; but I know I hate the Indians."

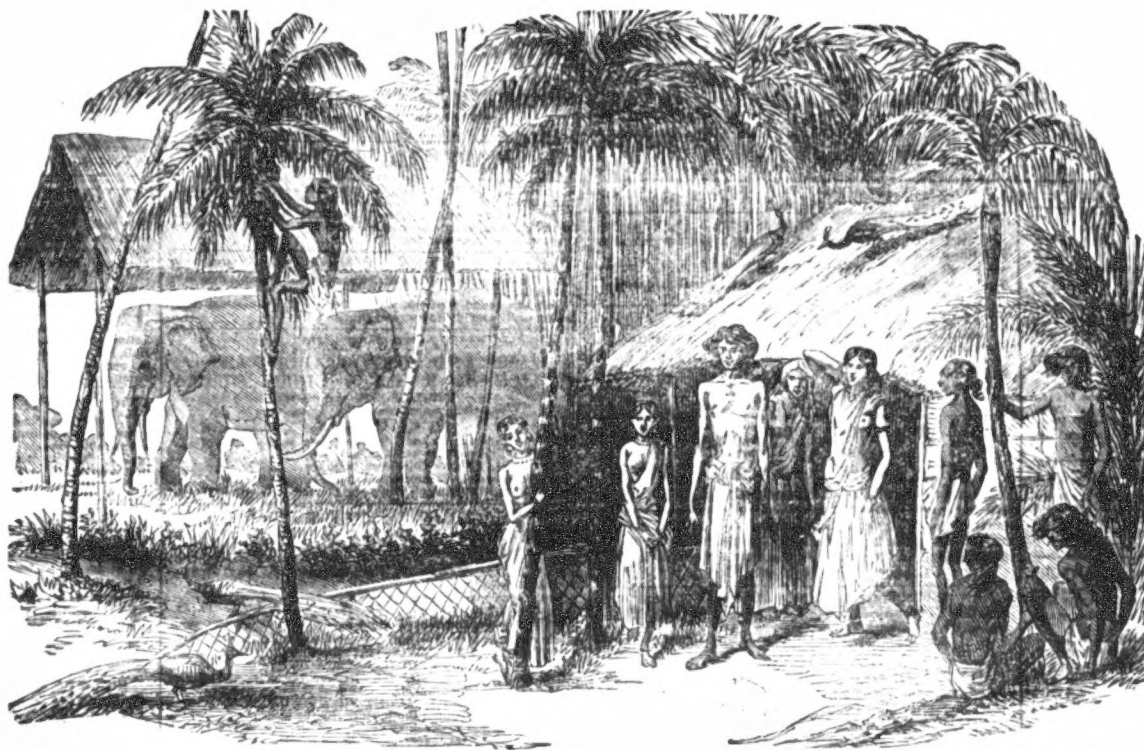
"I don't hate 'em," said the doctor; "but I do mistrust 'em. They don't look you in the face; and, by Jove," continued the doctor, "I never will trust a man who can't look another in the face!"

"But I tell you she's not an Indian!"

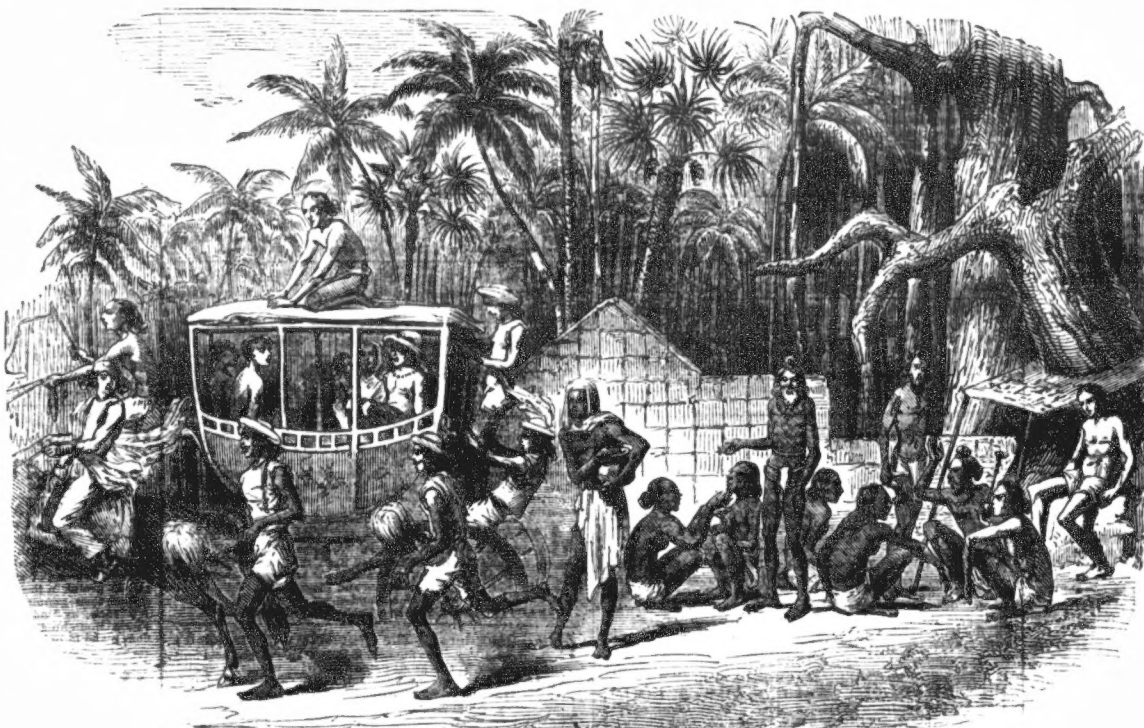
"Just now you said she was!"

"I mean," said Clive, whose passion seemed to be gaining on him to that extent that he hardly knew what he was saying—his pleasure was so intense as to be almost transmuted into pain,—"

"I mean that, though an Indian girl and in an Indian dress, she seems to be utterly English, and one of the most beautiful maids I have ever seen!"



HINDOO WOMEN.



SCENE IN THE ENVIRONS OF CALCUTTA.

By this time the doctor had resumed his composure, and he was prepared for anything—prepared even to "take it coolly," even if Clive St. Maur struck him, and he was even expectant of this contingency, for Phil had seen men in love before, as most doctors do, and he knew of what, in their exquisite, delicious happiness, they were capable.

"Come to the point," said he. "What do you mean to do?"

"Naught, till she bids me."

"Ho!"

"Naught, if she does not send to me; that is, if she does not bid me come to her side."

"Ho! Go on."

"She is to send me a lotus, if I am to see her again."

"And if she does not send it?"

The desolate look Clive's face presented was a sufficient answer to his friend's inquiry.

The doctor looked serious, and rose from his seat. His face seemed to say that the matter in hand was important.

He went round the table to Clive, put his hand upon the other's shoulder, and said, "Clive, lad, I'll do my best for you, whatever way you want to go; and so forgive me my light words just now. You know how nineteen out of twenty of ours speak of women and especially of Indian women—so look over it."

Clive took the old friend's hand, laid it on the table, and dropped his forehead upon it. It were easy to say that he wept, but this would not be the truth. Upon few men is conferred the privilege,

true Brahmine (Brahmine is the feminine of Brahmin) would not marry an Englishman to save the lives of all her family; for, according to her faith, she would believe her soul lost by the union.

Hence it was that Phil Effingham's face grew delighted as he heard Clive say that the object of his love was a high caste Indian, and hence again is explained the dismay on the young surgeon's countenance when he conjured up the effect which learning the truth would have upon his old friend; for know it he could not, or he never could have conceived the idea of the marriage.

Phil thought over the position for a few moments, and then finding he really wanted to be left to himself, in order to collect his faculties, he started up, and observing to Clive he would say "Good night," he shook the young officer's hand, and went his way.

Getting outside the bungalow, or villa, he took off his hat, and began fanning himself.

"Bah!" said he, in low tones to himself; "the boy will recover his love fit, and forget her; for if, as he says, she is really a Brahmine, she will have naught to say to him—can have naught to say to him, unless—"

Here the doctor's voice sank, and he stopped in his walk.

"Unless," he continued, after a time, "he should turn Christian. Bah!" he continued, lighting up another cigar—it was only his second—"those high-caste Indians don't turn Christians, and we have nothing to fear. We may have a fever, and we may lose that handsome hair of ours—that's all."

(To be continued in our next)

the luxury, and the alleviation of tears. Clive uttered one heavy tearless sob, and became silent.

"Who is she?" asked the doctor, after a time.

"A Brahmine!"

"A Brahmine!" shouted the doctor, and an expression stole over his face, which it would have been difficult to analyse. It might have been delight, but equally it might have been despair.

"Are you sure of this, Clive?"

"I saw the Brahmin threads round her neck."

Again the inexplicable expression passed over the doctor's face, intensified, if possible, for it was quite impossible to say to what emotion its expression was to be attributed.

We will try to analyse it. The doctor's countenance exhibited delight, because he felt that the statement barred Clive from committing himself to marriage with an Indian, while the dismay was caused by fear for the result such knowledge would have upon Clive.

This state of things must be explained.

It is, doubtless, known to the readers that the Hindoos are divided into classes, or castes. An individual of either of them, who marries below his or her caste, falls to the lower caste into which he or she marries. In fact, the case may thus be stated—a Hindoo may fall in caste, but can never be raised in caste. The lowest caste comprises the pariahs, or outcasts, upon whom is devolved the task of cleaning the streets and removing the dead. The pariah class alone will remove the dead.

Of all these castes, the Brahmin is the very highest. So delicate is his caste, so stringent its rules, and a fall from caste is so easily effected, that it is wonderful why Brahmins remain. For instance, the forcible placing of a shoe that has been worn, above or on the head of a Brahmin, has been the cause of many a fall from a high caste; and there is a story which runs to the effect that the mutiny of one regiment of sepoys (amongst whom are many Brahmins) was brought about by a thoughtless English subaltern playfully snatching the ears of a Brahmin servant with his morocco slipper.

But of all the degradations to which a Brahmin, or one of the highest priest-class, can be subjected, is to cohabit with one of the all-conquering whites. The lowliest Brahmin, if true to his faith, would shudder at an alliance with an English princess; while a

Brahmin (Brahmine is the feminine of Brahmin) would not marry an Englishman to save the lives of all her family; for, according to her faith, she would believe her soul lost by the union.

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(To be continued in our next)

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